



VOL. LII. No. 8
New Series

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People

MARCH, 1925



Articles of Timely Interest

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CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON 25, MASSACHUSETTS

WILLIAM H. CHAPPLE, *President* JOHN C. CHAPPLE, *Vice-President* JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, *Treasurer*

Entered at the Boston Postoffice as second-class matter

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription, \$2.00 a Year

25 Cents a Copy

MONOTYPED AND PRINTED BY THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON, U.S.A.

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Affairs at Washington

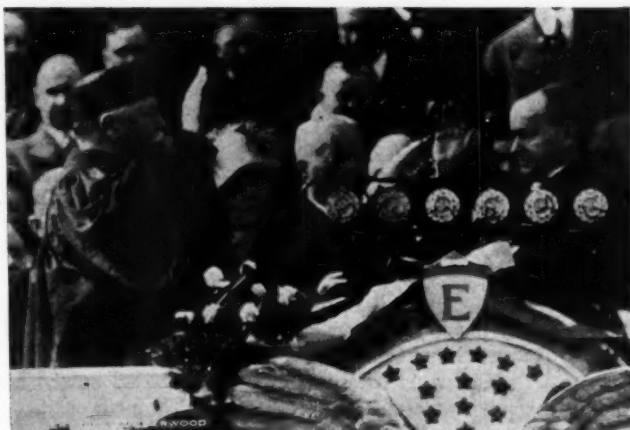
By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



INAUGURATION DAY for 1925 has passed into history and marked another quadrennial period. Following a day of rain and gloom, the fourth of March was resplendent in Washington sunshine. There was the tang of the energizing breezes of New England on the day that Calvin Coolidge was inaugurated President in his own right. There were busy hours at the Capitol as the sixty-eighth Congress adjourned *sine die*, figuratively on the tick of the clock at high noon.

Arriving at the President's room, adorned with portraits of the first Presidential Cabinet of the United States and surrounded by the members of his own Cabinet, President Coolidge signed eighty-one bills as they were brought to him, like a copy for the last take on a newspaper before going to press. Various pens were used, but he held the last pen in his hand with great deliberation as he signed the last bill. This provided for an increase of salary for members of the House and Senate to ten thousand a year instead of seventy-five hundred, and giving the Vice-President, members of the Cabinet and Speaker of the House fifteen thousand instead of twelve thousand, five hundred.

With the customary old-time formality, Senator Curtis entered the room to inform the President that the Senate was about to adjourn and was ready to receive him. The glass-roofed chamber was filled to capacity, from floor to gallery roof. Proceeding with the usual solemn proceedings, Senator Cummings, President *pro tempore*, tapped the gavel as the sixty-eighth Congress passed amid a peaceful calm. The members of the Supreme Court were in the front seats on the right, while the diplomats held forth on the left. When the oath



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Chief Justice Taft administering the oath of office to President Coolidge—the first time that an ex-President has ever sworn a successor as chief executive

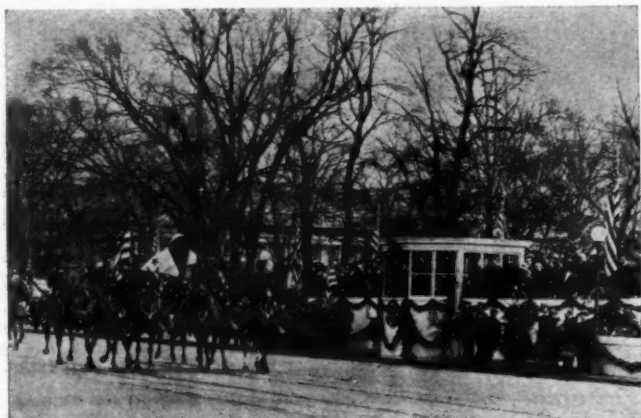
Photograph transmitted by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

was administered to Vice-President Dawes, he responded in a shrill voice. His address, the only one that he will be permitted to make during his four years in office, was a veritable sensation that has never before been witnessed in the Senate Chamber.

Attacking the "no-closure" rule in the Senate, he insisted that no one man, or group of men, should be permitted to hold up the proceedings of the greatest legislative body in the world under the guise of courtesy and the subterfuge of freedom of discussion. The Vice-President of the United States cannot make a speech to the Senate at any time, and is only authorized to preside, listen, and vote when there is a tie. When this first opportunity occurred, Vice-President Dawes was at the Willard and Warren's nomination as Attorney-General was defeated.

It was evident at the time that the Vice-Presidential job was not altogether suited to the temperament of Charles G. Dawes. As he delivered his criticism of the rules in a sharp, rasping voice, the faces of the Senators furnished a scene that surpassed any motion picture comedy I ever looked upon. On some there was first a smile and then a sneer, and Senator James Reed turned his back and nursed the gentle, rollicking laughter that suffused his soul. Some continued a stolid, respectful gaze, but altogether it was the most direct attack that has ever been made upon the antiquated abuses of Senatorial courtesy.

The comments that later appeared in the papers indicated that Dawes has struck a popular idea. There was not a change of expression visible in the face of a single member of the



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Part of the Inaugural Parade passing the glass enclosed reviewing stand erected in front of the White House

Photograph transmitted by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company



President and Mrs. Coolidge, and Vice-President and Mrs. Dawes back at the White House after the inaugural exercises

Photograph transmitted by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

Supreme Court. An array of nine stolid faces of sedate figures enwrapped in black robes never batted an eyelash. In the gallery, Colonel John Coolidge, the father of the President, leaned over to listen with intent interest. He had bowed his head on the rail during the prayer, as reverently as in the little old church in Vermont, and became a respectful listener to the sermon words of the Brigadier-General as he bombarded Senatorial tradition.

Senator William M. Butler of Massachusetts never winked an eye, but Senator Smoot, with his recently eliminated mustache, indicated distress that the matter should have been precipitated at this time. When Thomas R. Marshall was first inaugurated Vice-President, he made some similar suggestions that ruffled the dignity of the Senate, calling it a "bridle" in the scheme of legislation, but this did not go quite so far in explosives as the address of General Dawes of budget system fame.



NEW Senators were sworn in blocks of four pairs in deference to old-time custom, after they had marched to the platform in military array. Vice-President Dawes was conscious the clock had been put back and inaugural proceedings soon to be "in the air" were being held up, so, with a wave of his hand, and in a tone of voice that suggested command more than Senatorial courtesy, he proclaimed, "Bring them all up."

They flocked about and many of them approached, took the oath, and signed the book as they hurriedly joined the procession, marching in stately tread toward the scene of a Presidential inauguration, which every four years is a ceremonial custom in the drama of the republic that confirms the sovereign will of the millions of American citizens at the polls at the November elections. Representative government of the United States of America is demonstrated in the proceedings when the three co-ordinate branches of government meet every four years to function together with the common purpose of welcoming a President and giving greeting to a new Congress—to hold in leash until the first Monday in December, unless called in extraordinary session by the President.

WHEN Calvin Coolidge stooped and kissed his mother's Bible on the spot where Lincoln was twice inaugurated, he seemed to be in the attitude of prayer. The first native son of Vermont—the first Commonwealth to be admitted to the Union of thirteen states—Calvin Coolidge is the first President from New England to be inaugurated since the days of John Quincy Adams, who took the oath on the same spot one hundred years ago.

Standing before a small reading desk covered with green cloth, the President's voice rang through the six tiny microphones to twenty million people, representing nearly three times the entire population of the United States when Washington delivered his inaugural address. Bareheaded, but wrapped in his tight-fitting overcoat, he now and then emphasized a word like "unmistakable" with his right hand, and "conclusive" with his left hand, and "legalized larceny" was his emphatic label for excessive and unnecessary taxes.

The address was a tribute to American idealism, permeated with practical New England thrift suggestions sounding a keynote of economy and governmental administration, reduction of taxes, adherence to the World Court and a strong desire for the further limitation of armament. A throng of fifty thousand people were as attentive listeners as if they had heard him speaking as moderator in an old-fashioned town meeting. Both hands were uplifted when he exclaimed: "America's job in the world today is to aid, but to remain American." He did not seem to realize when he had concluded that the words he had uttered when he wrote the oath and address were heard by more individuals than had cast votes for him in November.

Attired in a skull cap, warding off the bleak winds, Chief Justice Taft administered the oath. It was the first time that a former President had ever sworn in a successor as a chief executive of the United States.

Altogether, it was a smiling day—a typical Coolidge day. The bands played and the people cheerfully, good-naturedly, waited for the procession to proceed from the Senate Chamber to the rotunda. The Guard of Honor were ten old Grand Army veterans.

The ambassadors in uniform filing out made a most impressive pageant in color and when the band played the old Amherst College song entitled "Lord Jeffry's Amherst," the President recognized the courtesy and waved his hand. The inaugural procession was simplicity itself. There was little of the glitter of military splendor that passed the reviewing stand in front of the White House. The Virginia "blues" and the Vermont troops indicated the respect and deference of the South and his native state to Calvin Coolidge, the President. In fact, every section of the country participated in some way. There was a simplicity and quietness that reflected the desires of the President, in launching his administration without a blare of trumpets.



AT a meeting of the American Pen Women in Washington, Prince Habib Lotfallah, the Arabian Minister to Rome, made an address stressing the great needs, social and intellectual, of the women of the Orient. He was eloquent in his appeal for school facilities for women. "The boys are taken care of, but there are few schools in Arabia which girls are permitted to attend. It is a part of our new Arabian creed," he continued, "neither sex can move forward alone. The progress of the world is measured by the co-operation between men and women in a common cause."

The Prince was accompanied by Mr. Alexander P. Moore, the American Ambassador to Spain, who was attending the inauguration in Washington. The Prince was entertained by the League "at tea," but he responded by giving an afternoon coffee to the ladies at Washington, in which they were



Dinner given by the White House newspaper men to President Coolidge at "The Mayflower." The Washington representatives of all the important papers in the country were present at this "good-will" banquet

enabled to sip the nectar of the original Arabian mocha. He carries his coffee with him and in the muddy depths of this oriental cup of nectar he reads a horoscope as entrancing as that we Americans tell from the leaves in the tea cup. Altogether the Prince was that afternoon an "autocrat of the tea table"—serving his beverage with his eyes shining with the luster of an Egyptian night.



THE old nursery rhyme about the moon being made of green cheese is no longer regarded merely as a joke or fairy tale. Anything may happen in these days, for now even the placid moon is looked upon by scientists as new territory to conquer, in an age that has seen the invention and development of the submarine, the airplane and radio. What Jules Verne first conceived as a fantasy of the mind, and which was laughed at, has become the aim of a scientific inquiry.

Now comes Dr. Robert H. Goddard of Clark University, in Worcester, Massachusetts, with a plan to shoot off a giant rocket and hit the moon. The rocket is to be propelled by powerful gases from a reservoir somewhat like the gasoline tank of an automobile. Attached to the rocket is a car. When one tank of gas gives out, another is ready in the car, which is suspended to the rocket as gondolas are now suspended from dirigibles. The point is to have sufficient air for the voyage. The ascent is a matter of only 240,000 miles, and the destination of the rocket is a dead world which no mortal foot has ever trod.

Dr. Goddard has made a study of rockets and believes that a certain amount of powder and ingredients will give off a certain amount of gases which "kick back" against the atmosphere and supply driving power. He is now working on two well-known gases, following up the plans for his experiment.

When the announcement of Dr. Goddard's proposed experiment was made, there were some adventuresome spirits in the United States who wanted to take part in the attempt to reach

the moon and asked permission to ride in the car attached to the rocket on its relay trip. Radio engineers have observed that there is a concentration of influences some sixty miles up, called the Heaviside layer, which confines radio waves between the layer and the earth. This has stimulated speculation as to what may be expected from the moon, which is something of a "coquette."

The moon in Egypt is "he" and the sun is "she." It is the moon that rules the tides of the oceans and the moon that is our most intimate acquaintance among the planets. The scientists have declared that the gravity of the moon is six times that of the earth, but picture the visitors from earth sticking their heads out of the rocket cabin!



EACH recurring year, the birthday celebrations of Lincoln and Washington increase in intensive popular interest. This newer, all-pervading interest was manifest at a gathering of the New York City Colony of the National Society of New England Women which, under the direction of Mrs. Alton B. Parker, wife of the well-known judge, recently held its annual Vermont and Massachusetts Day at which the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln were celebrated with appropriate ceremonies revealing a new phase of the lives of the great Americans.

At this affair the Green Mountain State was represented by Mr. Herbert Twitchell, who told its history and compared the lives of Lincoln and Coolidge. "While Lincoln was born in a humble log cabin in Hannibal, Missouri," he declared, "Calvin Coolidge was born in a humble farm house in Plymouth, Vermont."

One of the features of the meeting was the address of Judge Henry Wade Rogers of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals of New York, who paid an eloquent and scholarly tribute to the humble rail-splitter. His closing words struck a keynote which shall long echo in the memories of those who



Mrs. Alton B. Parker, wife of the well-known judge, and President of the New York City Colony of the National Society of New England Women

had the pleasure of hearing his speech. "Son of the cabin! child of the wilderness, we salute you!"

The program was suffused with the spirit of Lincoln in song and story. At its close Judge Alton B. Parker, candidate for President of the United States on the Democratic ticket in 1900, was called upon and responded with a Lincoln story that lifted the occasion out of the category of the usual celebration and made it an occasion that will not soon be forgotten. He told the story of a young Southern lad attending Chicago University who, when the War broke out, felt the call to return home to old Virginia and enlist. During one of the engagements he was taken prisoner and the close confinement he endured broke down his health. Later he was transferred to a tuberculosis ward, where his life was fast ebbing away. When his mother discovered his whereabouts and condition, she went to Washington and made an appeal to Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, but her plea was of no avail. "We cannot consider these personal petitions. War is war," he told her.

As the weeping little mother was leaving, the tall six-foot-five bodyguard of Lincoln saw her and said, "Ah guess yo' saw the wrong man—yo' wants to see Mr. Lincoln. Just wait around." He later conducted her to the President, who listened to her story, remarking at the conclusion, "I do not think the Union needs the life of this boy." Then he turned to his desk and wrote a letter granting a pardon and discharge.

Judge Parker had heard the story from the lips of Judge Lurton, then Chief of the Federal Judges of the New York district, at a meeting of the Bar Association over which he was presiding. Among those present at the time were Elihu Root, Joseph H. Choate, and many other distinguished men.

When the speaker at a Lincoln banquet related this story, he turned and dramatically concluded, "I was that boy—an evidence of the great mercy of Lincoln's heart."

The audience was electrified at this announcement. All eyes were focussed upon the speaker, in the person of Judge

Lurton, later appointed to the supreme bench by President Taft—the sixteen-year-old boy whom Abraham Lincoln had saved from death during the dark days of the Civil War.

When Judge Parker had finished telling the story related by Justice Lurton at a meeting at which he presided, it seemed as if there was nothing more to say about Lincoln. Mrs. Parker was presiding and some one in the audience had called upon her distinguished husband to give the benediction and blessing on the meeting of the National Society of New England Women—a meeting that will be long remembered by those present.



THERE has been a great stir in the literary world centering about New York City as a result of the recent report that Samuel Hopkins Adams, the staid and veteran writer, is the author of the wildest of yellow flapper novels, "Flaming Youth," and is the Warner Fabian, the mysterious author whose identity has puzzled everyone in literary circles for some time. With such a reputation as Mr. Adams has acquired during his many years as a successful writer, naturally he was the last person to be suspected of having written the "Fabian" novels. It has generally been thought that the mysterious author about whom nobody seems to have known much was some young person with a genius for the flapper type of fiction.

Almost coincident with this announcement came the rumor from England that Clive Arden, whose story, "Enticement," created a sensation both in his own country and in America, a book along the same line as "Flaming Youth," is a distinguished English writer who has all the while been enjoying a fling at sensational writing, but who is too proud of his reputation to reveal his identity.



THE Y. D. dinner which took place in Washington was distinguished by the presence among other notables of Secretary of War Weeks, who kept those present in continuous good humor with his many stories and anecdotes. He told me that he likes nothing better than to attend meetings of veterans and hear the old, old stories retold. Whenever he attends a gathering of war veterans, he declares, it reminds him of an old Civil War hero who spoke at a gathering of Spanish-American war veterans. He told the story of a worthy soul who met St. Peter at the gates and asked to be admitted.

"Who are you?" the guardian asked, to which the veteran replied:

"I am John Smith, the hero of the Johnstown flood."

An angel standing nearby snorted.

"And who might this be?" asked John of the saint.

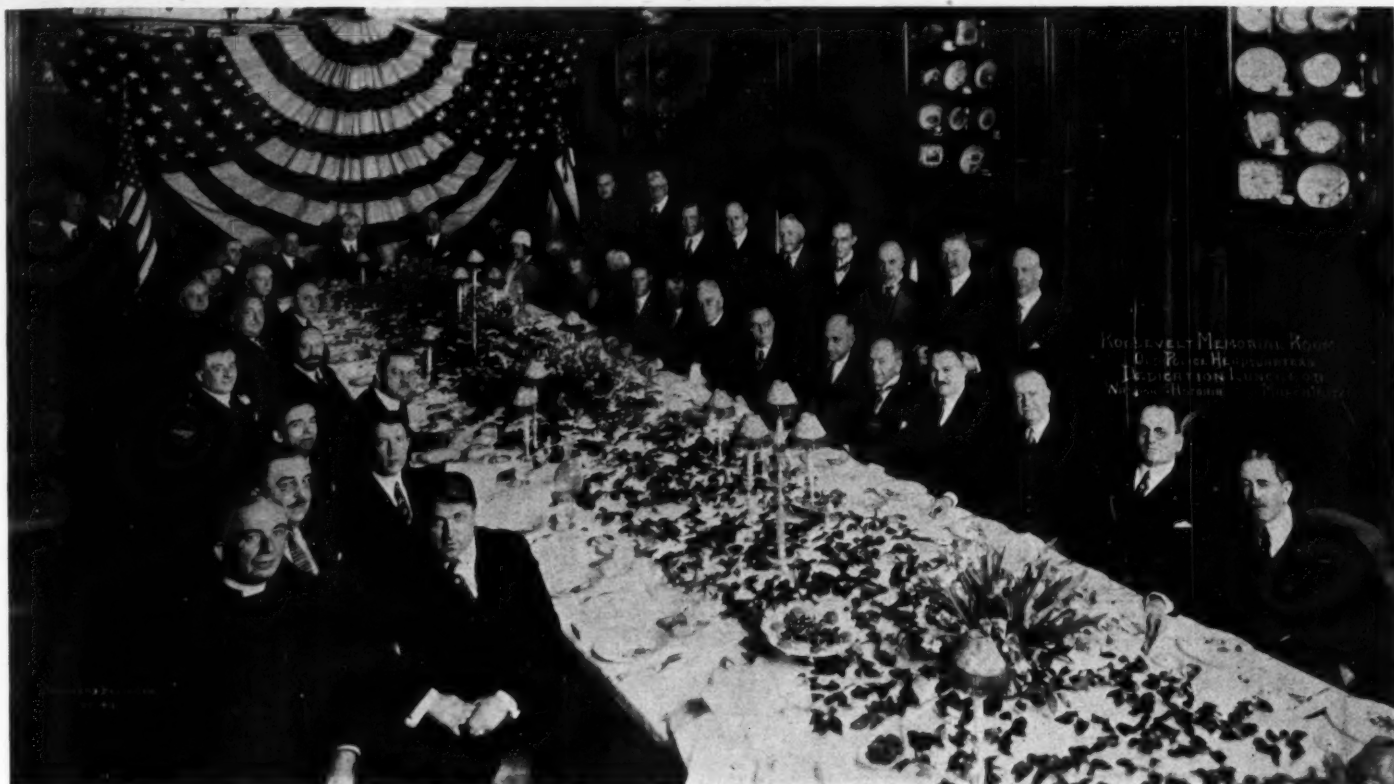
"Don't mind him," was the reply, "that's only Noah, and naturally he thinks he knows a little about floods, too."



A CERTAIN Senator never meets me during my rambles through the Federal buildings at the nation's capital but what he feels called upon to buttonhole my Falstaffian figure and give me a little piece of well-intentioned, but entirely inappropriate advice, usually delivered in somewhat the following manner:

"Say, Joe, did you ever stop to realize that the weather we're having is pre-ordained? Do you know that the sunshine of today is the result of causes immutable started centuries and centuries ago? We hear people talking and complaining about the things that cannot in any way be changed or prevented. How often we hear the expression, 'Oh, I wish it were a nice day!' Instead of wishing for such things, what these people should be doing is to provide shelter and protection against weather."

All of which recalls the old, old story of the Arkansas farmer



A group of notable New Yorkers assembled at the Dedication Luncheon of the Roosevelt Memorial Room, Old Police Headquarters, held at the Waldorf-Astoria on March 16th

who was always going to repair his roof, but who never quite got around to it because when it rained he couldn't do it, and when it was not raining there was no need of it. Then I went over to the weather bureau to gather material for a talk on—wind.



CONGRESSMAN John G. Cooper, who began life as a railroad engineer, told me the following story when I met him, the day after the inauguration, in Washington:

"There had been a bad accident on the railroad and Mike was 'on the carpet.' Asked what he did when he heard No. 40 rushing along the track with No. 4, on the same track from the north, thundering on in the opposite direction, Mike scratched his head and said: "'Sure 'nd I jumped upon the bank, closed me eyes, and sez to meself, sez I, 'Begorra, 'nd that's a hell of a way to be runnin' a railroad!'"



THE eclipse of 1925 has created a great interest in astronomy. "The stars are the first open road to knowledge," declares an old Arab proverb.

Many prominent men paid honor to Prof. Solon I. Bailey, who has retired after many years of duty at the Harvard Observatory, at a testimonial held recently in Boston. In his own inimitable way, Dr. Bailey told his friends assembled many interesting anecdotes of his experiences at the observatory over a long period. It was like a recital of tales from the "Arabian Nights" to realize how accurately the astronomer measures the infinitude of space.

Dr. Bailey received his bachelor's degree at Boston University in 1881 and later a master's degree. In 1888 he was granted the degree of Master of Arts by Harvard University and became an assistant professor of astronomy in 1893. A few years later he was made associate professor and has been Phillips professor

of Astronomy at Harvard since 1912. During the subsequent years he has witnessed developments bringing the stars as close to the student as to the pilgrim in the desert.



ACCORDING to one of the Massachusetts Congressmen, there is nothing more distressing to progress than the so-called "independent," who never will admit a partisan classification.

"What! You don't know what a mugwump is? Why, that's easy—a mugwump is a bird that sits on the top of a fence with his mug on one side and his wump on the other." Now the question for cross-word puzzlers is, When is a wump a wump? or one letter representing a Jewish breakfast—X—"eggs." It was eggs he was supposed to order.



THE gentlemen mentioned above likewise told me the tale of the peculiarly matched pair who went a-hunting. The first stuttered when he talked, the second had St. Vitus dance. Having but one gun, the fellow who stuttered carried it during the first part of the journey. When they came across a rabbit in the woods, the fellow who stuttered got excited and said:

"Th-th-th-there's a r-r-r-r-rabbit," and aimed his gun, but before he could pull the trigger, the little animal had disappeared.

Disgusted, his friend, the St. Vitus dancer, looked at him in disgust and said, "Let me have that rifle." In short, when he had stirred up something and was ready to point his gun, he began to shiver and shake and in his excitement the gun went off with a bang. To the surprise of them both, the rabbit fell.

"You see," said the hunter, "all you need is nerve."

"Well," replied the one who stuttered, "n-n-n-no wonder you h-h-h-hit him. Y-y-y-you aimed all over the d-d-d-d-damn lot."



Photo by courtesy of Bureau of Education, Manila, P. I.

Boys attending the sixteen Provisional Trade Schools of the Philippine Islands receive practical vocational training

A MEMBER of the Department of Agriculture who was to speak at a recent function in Washington was introduced in the following manner:

"Friends, we have with us this evening a distinguished member of the Agricultural Department, whose fame rests upon his achievements as a rain maker.

"Years ago out in Kansas where anything at all is likely to happen, there was a severe drought and it looked much as though the crops were going to fail. Everybody began to pray for rain. But there was one man who astonished his neighbors by refusing to pray with them. He was a scientific man and did not believe in the efficacy of prayers in the case of natural phenomena. A good Presbyterian, however, he was finally induced, after many pleadings, to add his voice to the general supplication, and so that evening he prayed something in this manner:

"Dear Lord, I am joining my friends in prayer for rain for their crops, but what I really think we need is more manure."



NOW and again we hear of some art connoisseur who startles the æsthetic world with the shocking announcement that the male of the species is more beautiful than the female. Pirie MacDonald, the celebrated New York photographer, doesn't go as far as that, but, long ago having discovered the latent masculine beauty, he has ever since devoted his talent exclusively to the photographing of men. His pictures are widely known, and he has been accepted by the art world as one of its greatest exponents of masculine facial charm.

Just returned from Ireland, he is now a Free Stater, and stands

ready at any and all times to defend the Free State movement. A man who is thoroughly on the level, he has been described "pokerly" as one who always plays with fifty-two cards in the game.

Systematic in his work, Pirie MacDonald has a regular schedule and is occupied with his photography only a certain number of months of so many weeks each out of the year. When this artistic season is over, he closes up shop and goes on his way—recreates in the real sense of the word and purposes to catch these expressions in the faces and expression of men that are overlooked in the routine and rush of everyday photography.



IN no uncertain way Senator Borah has asked for an early extra session to consider farm aid measures. Though some improvement in conditions is manifest, the problem is far from a solution, he gives us to understand. He fears that at the next regular Congress the impending election will cause consideration of the measure to be guided by expedient rather than reason. Senator Bruce, of Maryland, has a different view of the situation. "The farmer has already been relieved by natural processes," he declared. "The truth is that the Western farmer does not try hard enough. He is too prone to run to the government with his troubles. No matter how far from legislative functions his troubles may be, he sets up a cry."

When the Senator, in his best oratorical manner asked, "Is there any agricultural problem at all?" so many Senators sprang to their feet to answer his query that he declined to yield to any of them.

Night Life in Damascus

Scenes in the oldest inhabited city in the world, that Mohammed once looked down upon and called it Paradise. Here Christian and Moslem and Jew dwell in harmony and peace

APPROACHING Damascus, famous for the fine blades and scimitars with which the bloody stories of the Arabian Nights abound, we began to feel "as keen as Damascus steel" in our lively anticipation. We last "saw the light" on the way to Damascus, arriving in the lure of an oriental night. The last rays of the descending sun had gleamed on the domes of the seventy-odd mosques of the ancient metropolis. Night had fallen when we passed through the ancient walls over which the Apostle Paul escaped. The road skirted the River Baradas, and the gay old stream was rippling merrily along, singing the same old song it sang in Solomon's time. On the banks were cafes and cozy latticed bird-cages in nooks where merry-makers gathered.

In America cities boast of their tremendous populations indicated in Arabic numerals—figures that are the only universal and unchanging medium of expression for all races and all men of today, and point for verification to the latest census reports. They speak proudly of their public buildings, the new \$1,000,000 city hall, the \$100,000,000 subways, \$2,000,000 churches and the many-storied skyscrapers. Every city boasts of its enormous growth and advance in land value indicative of real estate promotions—the dollar mark is the basic measure of its developments. But Damascus presents a story of land development which is scarcely to be rivalled anywhere—the oldest active real estate traders in the world, and they are still at it with new subdivisions.

Proving myself a Bible student, I first visited "The Street called Straight" and felt right at home. To a Bostonian, accustomed to crooked streets, it was like rounding the curves of Cornhill. This is the "main street" of Damascus as far as the guide books are concerned, because it is a thoroughfare mentioned in Holy Writ and has been on the blue prints since Abraham's time.

Near the wide square in the center of the city was an Arab dance hall in which French soldiers and Syrian "cake eaters" were making a night of it. Although Damascus lacks the brilliant light of gay Paris or Luna Park, there were lively doings in the streets that night. The public letter writers were busy; they sat up late into the night scrawling missives for customers while seated in their "offices" on the pavement. Here they are ready, night and day, to handle the correspondence of any and all who pass that way. They keep no files, and a letter burning with love and passion may succeed a prosaic "yours of the 15th at hand," with poetic appeal "why has not your debt of honor been graciously paid?" One of the scribes wrote a letter for me in Arabic, which I dictated in English—a sort of soliloquy—and translated, it read like an outburst of the Mad Dane in "Hamlet."

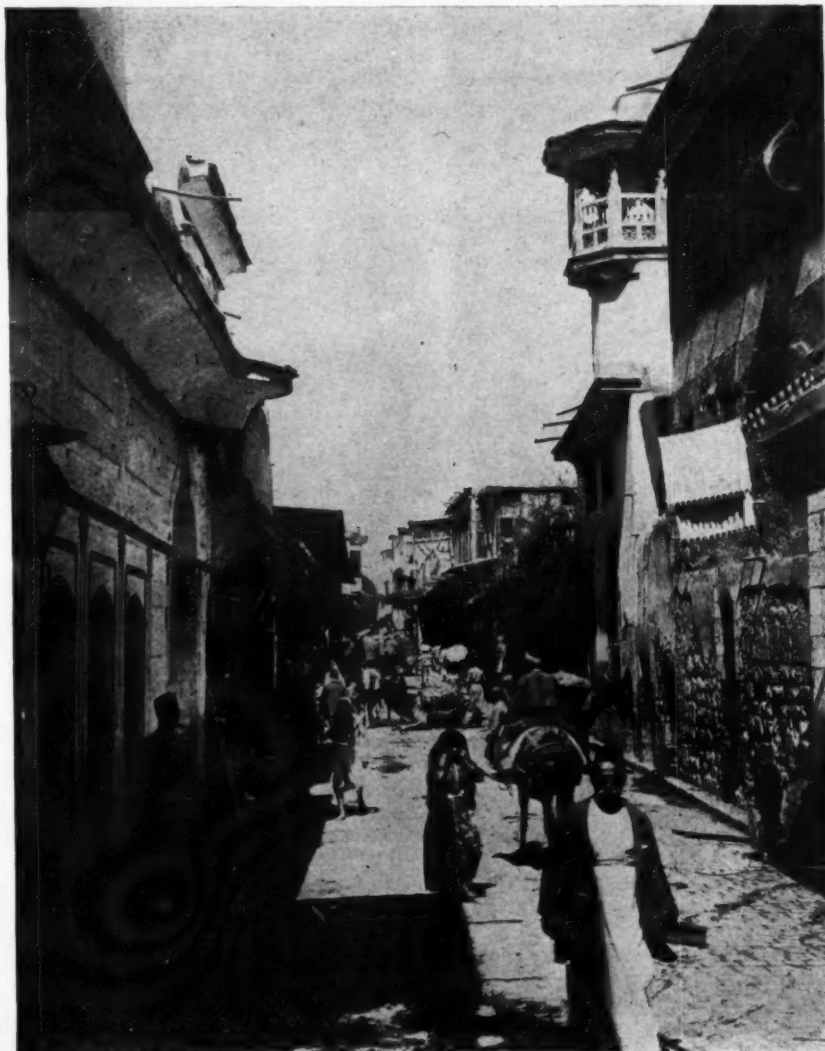
A brigade of bootblacks were waiting at the entrance to the Grand Victoria Hotel. Outfitted with polishes, brushes, bottles and cloths that looked like a traveling apothecary shop, all kinds

of polishing, "fancy and plain," was vigorously solicited—"open all night."

Every nook and corner of the lobby was filled with writing desks. Now I understand why the scribes of antiquity used to linger around Damascus. A number of Syrians who had been in America spoke to me in accented New Yorkese: "I had woid from Hoboken, Joisey, that my brother was in Paterson." These people had been proud of their residence in the United States, and told me of all the different cities in which they had lived or visited, and it sounded like an Erie time-table.

With a newly-recruited guide, in the morning I sallied forth into the crooked streets, but found

little to absorb attention. There were the same shops, the same beggars, the same unpleasant odors with which all oriental cities abound. He took me to a stock market where they were selling the thinnest all-rib cows I have ever seen. Now I can appreciate the Chicago packers' product. Then as a pleasant diversion, took me to a snake store. The snake, like the rod of Aaron, is still the symbol of all that is treacherous and bad in the eyes of the Moslem. Yet these pests are still the adoration of the women in the Orient, as they were in the days of Cleopatra. Their likenesses are carved out in the ornaments the women wear—the snake bracelets, snake ear rings, snake anklets, and snake rings, which are



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"MAIN STREET," DAMASCUS. "The Street Called Straight," which is mentioned in Holy Writ and has been on the map since the time of Abraham



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A SWORD-MAKER'S WORK SHOP IN DAMASCUS. In such tiny wayside shops as this have been fashioned the famed Damascus blades for hundreds of years

seen on every hand. There seems to be some sort of secret charm or attraction to these venomous, crawling things.

A young chap, a recent graduate from the American University at Beirut, with whom I stopped to talk under the windows of an old-fashioned, romantic-looking balcony—the last reminder of a harem, supplemented my thoughts on snakes. He said:

"These people have been fighting with snakes and other reptiles for so long that they may have taken on some of the characteristics of the hated creatures, which you of the West do not understand."

In the light of the morning I looked out upon the River Baradas, which had furnished the fairyland picture of the night before. The witchery of the night in the East becomes a continual disappointment in the reality of daylight. I now gazed upon a squalid, almost stagnant stream, the bottom of the Baradas rank with filth, cans and garbage it had carried along with it for many miles. The rich tropical foliage that had seemed so fantastically beautiful during the evening was nothing more than a garbage heap

whose outlines had been softened into luxuriance under the spell of the moonlight.

In front of the hotel another Cadillac convoy of the Nairn Transport Company was preparing for the scheduled weekly dash across the desert. It was a scene of hustle and bustle. Passengers were rushing about from one car to the other, making sure that none of their baggage or boxes were overlooked; drivers were lashing the freight on the running boards and "honking" at the inquisitive natives as they crowded about the cars, much as the American Indians used to do when the old stage coach of the days of Buffalo Bill, or the railroad train rumbled into town. With a flourish of Gabriel auto horns that frightened many of the onlookers, the cars whirled off through the dust on the first lap of their desert trip, after dodging camels and donkeys on the way through the Bazaar.

The only resemblance that Damascus bears to what Mohammed declared was the Paradise on earth is that it is well watered and has a vigorous climate. The rivers Pharpar and Abana of scriptural renown trace their course by the city and furnish an abundance of fountains, making

Damascus a veritable geyser city, nurturing probably the oldest cultivated soil in the world, still under cultivation after furnishing sustenance for human beings for four thousand years or more. Preceding the time of Abraham, founded by Uz, the grandson of Noah, Damascus has the oldest real estate titles on earth.

The Koran seemed to be the greatest stock in trade in an old Mohammedan book shop, but he refused to sell me a copy for good American money or Syrian coin.

"Christians cannot buy my holy books," he declared. He told me the price that was asked of the faithful. It was five times the price of English translations in the book shops of Boston. They believe in "profits" in trade, as well as deified "prophets" in worship.

After I had dined on "brains" and rested on a striped sofa, I realized I was in the city where sofas originated. You of other days who have done your courting on the parlor sofa, please remember that it was in Damascus that sofas were first used. There was also a reminder in that room that damask tablecloths—triumphs of the weavers' art—came from the Damascus which furnished the first distinctive trade name used in the barter of merchandise.

Queer mingling of the old and new in this gay old town. Street cars swinging around the corner, on which is supposed to be located the house occupied by Judas and Ananias about nineteen hundred and fifty-four years ago. The rattle and bang of the car and sparks from the trolleys overhead, to say nothing of the ding-ding of the conductor's bell, seemed out of place in this famed city of antiquity antedating the Pharaohs of Egypt.

It was in the house of Judas that the Apostle Paul lived for three days while suffering from blindness with which he was stricken at the time when the message was given to Ananias to "Rise and go into the Street which is called Straight and inquire for one called Saul of Tarsus, for behold he prayeth."

My Moslem companion seemed well versed in both testaments, as well as in the Koran, and informed us that the Judas who occupied the house we gazed upon was not the one who sold his Lord for the thirty pieces of silver. From this spot we went out along the road to see the wall where Paul made his escape from Damascus in the dead of night.

All the diseases that have plagued man since the beginning of the world seems to be concentrated in the Orient. Huddled about the base of the wall were men and women in every conceivable state of mutilation. Some were without eyes, others without ears. There were men with broken and twisted bones protruding from their heads and bodies, some with joints dropping away from decay, while others had already lost limbs. It was a ghastly street scene. Here I had my first sight of a leper—a sufferer from the disease which has been the scourge of the Orient from the beginning of creation.

In the glare of the midday sun camel caravans were plodding into the city through the narrow streets, which were filled to overflowing. The ungainly ships of the desert were jostling each other as they attempted to pass. As I reached the corner of a street I was just in time to see a collision. Two camels, loaded with numerous bags and boxes, on the top of which the drivers were seated, ran into each other while trying to take a short cut around the corner. I have seen some interesting collisions in the crooked and narrow streets of Boston, but I never saw anything like this one. As they crashed into one

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"The Mayflower"—Queen of Hotels

Elegance and luxury combine with comfort and convenience to make this latest addition to the Capital's caravanseries a notable social meeting place and the scene of important and distinguished gatherings

WHEN you sign the register at The Mayflower in Washington, the queen of American hotels, you feel that a real "compact" has been sealed for an enjoyable stay in the nation's capital. Entering the gigantic building, you are confronted with a vista stretching down the long corridor and extending a tenth of a mile, suggesting a welcome to a palatial private home. The dignity and elegance of the carpeted foyer is soothing after the pounding of feet on the marble floors of the usual hotel lobby.

When the doors of The Mayflower were thrown open February 18, on the occasion of the mid-winter banquet of the Washington Chamber of Commerce, it was agreed through the consensus of opinion that Washington now had the last word in modern hotels. Congratulations were showered upon Mr. H. L. Merry, president and manager of The Mayflower, whose plans and dreams were consummated, recalling the innovation he wrought when he opened the McAlpin in New York.

The personnel of this new institution includes men with international reputations in the hotel world, such as Jules Venice, *maitre d'hotel*, late of The Pennsylvania of New York, The Copley Plaza of Boston and The St. Francis of San Francisco; Nicholas Sabatini, the famous chef of old Delmonico's in New York; Daniel J. O'Brien, pre-eminent among hotel accountants, and Arthur J. Harnett, former office manager of several famous hotels both in Europe and America.

With these experts in charge, The Mayflower was launched with all the ease and dignity of a great ship slipping down the ways into placid seas.

Arriving by day or by night, the visitor is immediately impressed with the delightfully harmonious color scheme employed throughout the great building—artistically wrought, creating an atmosphere of poise and repose in the midst of a lively social center and meeting place.

Every tone and tint blended into a symphony of color, the spacious Presidential dining room with its red curtains, the Garden Café, the Palm Court with playing fountain and lattice work, each has its own individuality. The variety of chairs, vases, tables and tapestries would add much to the collection of an art gallery or museum and are here presented in a harmonious ensemble. These rooms, together with the grand ballroom, all located on the ground floor, and accessible without the use of elevators, provide something different from that of any other large hotel in the world. The architect had planned that the influx of large conventions with guests up to five thousand would not interfere with the exclusive privileges of guests in the hotel or in the residential apartment section.

Rare rugs, divans, hand-carved furniture and odd tables make the corridor promenade a spacious background for diplomatic and social func-

By JOE MITCHELL
CHAPPLE

tions. Opening from this on the De Sales Street side is a private entrance to the residential apartments with private lobbies and elevators. The Reception Rooms, the Grand Ball Room and the Ball Room Foyer, also opening from the corridor, give to The Mayflower the compactness of an ocean leviathan.

flower, an insignia of the beginning of America. In the various corridors has been hung a collection of over forty *Mayflower* paintings—the largest in the world—including the famous painting canvas of "The *Mayflower* at Sea," by James G. Tyeler, who is recognized as one of America's greatest painters of ships. The insignia of the hotel is fittingly a picture of the *Mayflower* engraved on the stationery, on ash trays, on all silver and glassware, woven into the linen and rugs, and even embossed upon the bronze key tags. Lighted by sunlight through a large sky-



Main Dining Room of "The Mayflower"

The Ball Room, with its color scheme of ivory, gold and blue makes it unnecessary to add flags or bunting for decoration. In its radiant aspect it presents a room already sufficiently adorned for any gala occasion. Balcony boxes, mirrored doors and enameled chairs, together with a miniature stage, makes it convenient for conventions, concerts, dances, banquets and lectures.

The foyer, French in motif, with Chinese Chippendale influence, intrigues the interest of all visitors. The blue walls with touches of gold and the stately-domed ceiling impart an air of elegance and even of splendor to this gathering place for the socially elect of Washington.

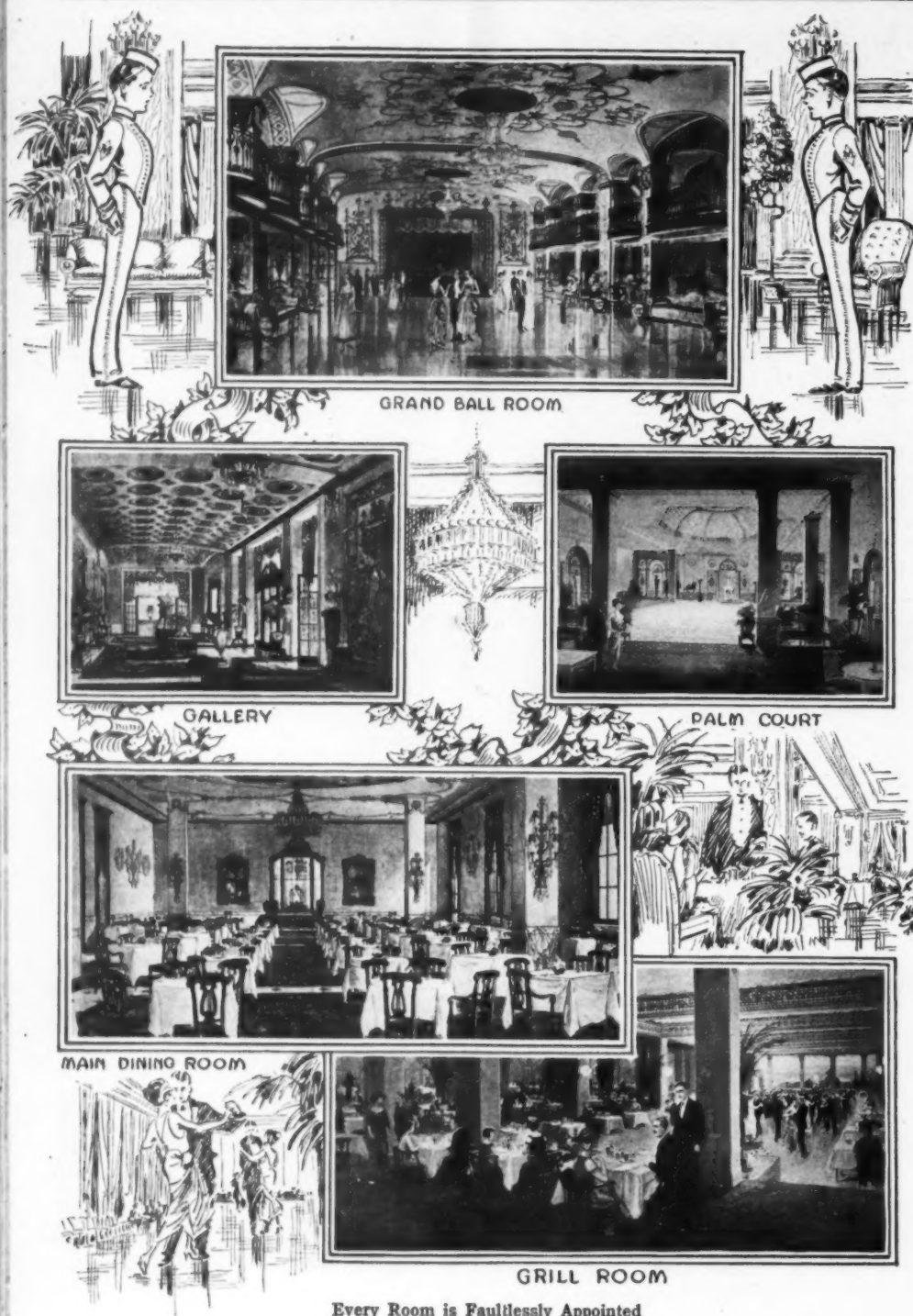
The idea grows upon the visitor that all this thoughtfulness is to bid welcome. On the very walls of the office desk is a picture of the *May-*

light and at night by four handsome bronze torchiers, hand-wrought and gold-plated, representing a cost in five figures, are impressive features of the lobby.

In the mezzanine galleries surrounding the lobby a touch of the Colonial may be found. When you arrive in your room there are rugs emblazoned with the symbol of the *Mayflower*. The chintz over-draperies and the lightings are soft, bringing that inexpressible sense of satisfaction coming from a sense of harmony.

The "Garden" is the latticed restaurant with a sunken dance floor, recalling the famous cafés of sunny Italy, where Vincent Lopez and his orchestra play daily at the popular tea, dinner and supper dances.

The ten hundred and fifty-nine rooms, including



Every Room is Faultlessly Appointed

hotel rooms and apartments, furnish all the comforts and luxuries afforded those living in mansions on Fifth Avenue, with the added convenience of being close to the center of social and official activities in the capital city of the nation.

The apartments at The Mayflower exemplify a community spirit. They constitute a veritable cluster of real homes where people may entertain and enjoy the exclusiveness required for genuine hospitality relieved of the worries of servants. In addition, spacious parlors, drawing rooms and ball rooms are available for all entertainment of parties, large or small. Everyone living at The Mayflower enjoys in common these beautiful surroundings. The apartments are as varied as the homes in a city, meeting the exacting individual taste of home-makers ranging from Ori-

ental to Occidental with those rare little touches of embroideries, curtains, bric-a-brac and furniture that serve to give real distinction to a home.

The kitchenettes are fitted with the most modern labor-saving devices eliminating the drudgery of housework as known in the days of the Pilgrim mothers.

In the large living room a colonial atmosphere is engendered by the wood-burning fireplaces, gold mirrors above white mantel shelves, and rugs of soft shades spread before the hearths.

In the bedrooms genuine old-fashioned American walnut bedsteads, reading lamps, writing desks and easy chairs make life comfortable and cozy. Cultivated visitors to The Mayflower will not have their taste rasped by so-called standard furniture. Each piece was designed

and built for the individual room from a specially-drawn blue print.

The Presidential suites, of which there are two, are reserved for visiting royalty and other celebrities. Others, almost equally handsome, are set aside for diplomats and officials of the government. The most prominent men and women of the nation may live here in a glow of community spirit, enjoying the official and social life of the winters in Washington.

Located on Connecticut Avenue, the "Fifth Avenue" of Washington, not far from LaFayette Square, which faces the White House, The Mayflower is in the very center of both the social and business activities of the city. Three entrances give access to the building—one from the massive marquee extending forty-two feet over Connecticut Avenue, another on De Sales Street, and the Ball-room entrance on Seventeenth Street known to some as Executive Avenue, where many legations and embassies are located.

While everything about The Mayflower was new, the motif had not drifted from the moorings of the best traditions of the past, with the one dominant note of individuality eliminating any suggestion of cold formality.

What would have been the expression of Captain Myles Standish and Priscilla Mullins, the maid he wooed, or John Alden who finally "spoke for himself" to win the fair Priscilla, if they could have visioned in those humble abodes at Plymouth—The Mayflower in Washington. Lying in the harbor was the historic *Mayflower* that had been their home during the tempestuous voyage that charted the course to individual liberty.

Traveling pilgrims to Washington in these days find the "Welcome at an Inn," recalling the days of Washington at Faunce's Tavern in New York, with its inspiring memories recalling scenes that are indissolubly associated with the birth of our nation.

The real test of The Mayflower occurred on March 4, 1925, when five thousand and twenty-two guests gathered for the Charity Inaugural Ball which was staged there. With a ceremony fitting the stately times of George Washington, the governors of the various states attending the inauguration, escorted by their staff with flags waving and drums beating, made an impressive entry into the hotel, making a guard of honor made up of soldiers, sailors, and marines.

Strains of the various state songs followed in quick succession. On either side of the pathway of distinguished visitors were thousands of other guests extending greetings—a colorful picture of gowns and uniforms and a sea of faces beaming with the inaugural spirit. While very simple, there was a dignity and impressiveness in it all that made everyone feel happy that he was an American.

Administrations come and go, but in the simplicity of the inauguration of Calvin Coolidge—born in Vermont, the thirtieth President of the United States to receive the highest honors within the gift of his fellow countrymen—there was a Mayflower majesty.

The Presidential dining room soon filled with dancers. Then the scene opened in the Grand Ball Room. In the balcony at one end was Vice-President Dawes and members of the Cabinet. Sitting in the boxes were distinguished officials doing honor to the occasion. Spotlights upon the scene added to the brilliancy of color and costume. Old and young mingled in the spirit of joy and happiness. The stately and veteran General Nelson A. Miles, Indian fighter and Civil War veteran, wore epaulets he had won a half

century ago. Young lieutenants and captains saluted the veteran commander.

Sidelights of human interest were not lacking on this formal occasion. When Mr. H. L. Merry, president of The Mayflower Company, approached and saluted General Miles, tears stood in the eyes of the old veteran as he greeted the young man who had served with distinction on his staff some years ago. Amid the tears there was the glint of a smile in the old veteran's eye when he remarked: "Captain, you have been promoted to a real commander and I am proud of you!"

Members of the diplomatic corps arrayed in all the varied regalia and gold trimmings of the various courts of Europe, from ancient Persia to the modern Czecho-Slovakia, to say nothing of Bishop Jaury in purple robe from India's coral strand, formed a circle of cosmopolitan guests. It was a composite social function such as is seldom witnessed—a mingling of the nations of the world in the atmosphere of a congenial social contact.

A flashlight picture of the ball room and of the groups gathered in the foyer was taken to preserve these historic scenes for the newspapers and their millions of readers. Motion picture cameras ticked continually in order to present to the public this picture of American youth and beauty. Even masculine ears delighted to hear the compliments bestowed upon the piquant vivacity of the American girl and the dignity and queenliness of American womanhood. Age could not wither the glory of American matrons, for elderly ladies, resplendent in the radiant bloom of maturity, added quite as much to the grace and charm of the picture, as youth in all the glow of budding beauty. It was not only a mingling of representatives of many nations, but a commingling of Youth and Age intent upon making this event a succession of happy hours that will ever remain a life memory.

With all the pressure on dining facilities of the hotel, the guests kept open house in their rooms for suppers and dinners, thus relieving the tax on the dining room, exemplifying the adaptable home-loving and hospitable spirit of the country, where the Cavalier of the South and the Pilgrim of the North shared in the unlimited friendliness of the now historic function with which The Mayflower was christened as a hostelry and apartment home.



Grand Ball Room of "The Mayflower"

One of the happiest faces I observed at the Inaugural Ball was that of an unassuming man looking on with sparkling eyes from an obscure corner. It was Mr. William J. Moore, of Chicago, the directing genius who launched The Mayflower Hotel idea. Standing in the lobby he looked complacently on the realization of a dream more than fulfilled, and his eyes gleamed with gratification. Few of the guests knew who he was and he heard the expressions of pleasure and delight on every hand, while now and then a personal friend discovered him and extended congratulations.

While Mr. Moore was looking at a rug he said to me:

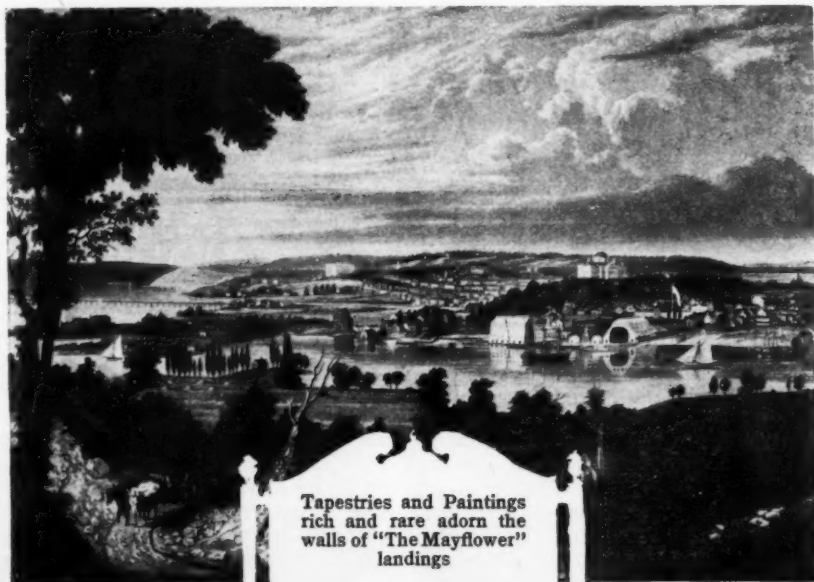
"When some of these rugs were about to be woven, we thought the samples were not quite right. The rug man was there and we put this

question to him: 'Supposing this was your home and represented the superlative in your art, what would you do?' 'Put in blue instead of black to soften the colors and give the floor a gentle radiance that is felt rather than seen,' replied the expert.

"This is an indication of the great care taken in furnishing The Mayflower from basement to roof garden," continued Mr. Moore. "There was one objective—the best—for The Mayflower must represent an ideal as well as provide home comforts."

In a colloquial vein he continued telling the story of the birth of the idea of The Mayflower: "A few years ago," he said, "I came to Washington to view this site as a location for a new motion-picture theatre. I had asked a friend to reserve a good room for me in what he considered the best hotel in Washington. When I arrived I began looking around and it occurred to me all in a flash that the great capital city of our nation needed a hotel suited to its growing importance. This conclusion came to me without disparagement of the hotels in Washington, built many years ago when the social, official, and diplomatic life of this country and of foreign countries were not so extensive as at this time. I thought of a place where all could foregather. In the morning after viewing the site, I suggested to Mr. Walker that I believed Washington needed a new hotel more than a picture house, and that no better location could be selected.

"The land was purchased from street to street. The idea of combined apartments and a great hotel evolved day by day. Now you look upon an investment of over ten million dollars backing up that conception. The purpose was to make The Mayflower a hotel worthy of Washington and of the revered name it bears. We planned to have an institution that would create an atmosphere incorporating a suggestion of the best traditions of America, reaching back to the time of the home-making purpose of the Pilgrim Fathers, touching the spirit of hospitality



Tapestries and Paintings rich and rare adorn the walls of "The Mayflower" landings



"The Mayflower," Washington's new and magnificent hotel

extending from the old Wayside Inn days when Longfellow wrote his famous tales."

Truly, The Mayflower is the last note in the modern hotel symphony in America. We are living in an age of hotels. The citizens of every growing town feel that the impression of their home city is created through impressions of their best hotel. Many communities are building and operating large hotels at a loss in order to maintain a municipal hospitality where the "stranger within the gates" may feel at home and with the impulse to come back again. Citizens speak of "our" hotel, and the name of a city is often recognized if some distinctive hotel located there is mentioned.

In France the American visitor is often confused when he sees a sign reading "Hotel de Ville." He enters with the expectation of finding there a room, but finds it is the jail and the city hall with accoutrements of a city council chamber. Hotel de Ville is the City Hall in France. In an American city, a hotel is the place where the social fires are kept burning and banquets are held with real oratory loosed; where

women's clubs, bridge parties and luncheon organizations foregather from labor to refreshment. It is where real jazz was nurtured.

The American hotel of today is an institution. Here young people meet and courtships bud, bloom and blossom into matrimonial wreaths. Young girls are taught the art of entertaining. Here the dream girl appeals in all her roguish beauty, with marcelled waves reflecting the rollicking dash of the breakers on the beach with coquettish glance. From the time the doors of The Mayflower were opened the calendar of social functions was filled. Nearly every night the Grand Ball Room is occupied, fulfilling the salutation by Byron in "Childe Harold":

"On with the dance—let joy be unconfined."

It was an appropriate time for the opening of The Mayflower, for the first New England President to be inducted into office since the days when John Quincy Adams had been inaugurated. The cycle of a century had elapsed. The second President born in Vermont, the initial commonwealth to be admitted into the Union by the thirteen original states, himself a descendant of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims, is now chief executive of the greatest nation on earth.

It was in the early springtime, bringing memories of trailing arbutus or the mayflowers—the blossoms that greeted the Pilgrims after that first dread winter of famine and death. The mayflower that blooms in the crevices of granite hills on the rugged coast of New England amid the "rocks and rills and templed hills," bringing its promise of hope each recurring springtime, as the violets peep out of the icy retreats to smile in the joys and warmth of approaching summer suns that follow the reign of the bleak winter winds.

Symbol of "Welcome," we greet The Mayflower of modern hotels as Queen on her christening day!



Night Life in Damascus

Continued from page 346

another both animals rebounded from the shock, and the drivers, vainly clutching at the boxes and bags upon which they sat, slipped from their places and slid down into the dust. One of the camels lost his footing and fell upon his haunches, his freight slipping from his back, hurtling to the ground, where several of the boxes crashed open and their contents, ground coffee and flour, poured out over the dirt. The drivers screamed curses upon one another's heads and, not content with that, damned each others parents and ancestors back to Adam and Eve. A French soldier traffic cop arrived and separated them, making them take their camels out of the way to keep the street open to traffic. With note book in hand, in the manner of a real 42nd Street traffic cop, he jotted down copious notes in his book, but did not call for licenses and registration numbers.

My faithful man, "Friday" Abdullah, pointed out a spot on the side of a hill which was just visible from where we stood. I followed the direction of his outstretched finger and saw a tower rising up into the sky. "That tower," declared my guardian, "is the site where Mohammed, in his youth, a camel boy, such as you see here today, once looked down upon Damascus and called it Paradise.

"In ancient days," declared Abdullah, "Da-

mascus was the rival of Baghdad as a seat of learning and culture. Here the great Oriental teachers sat in the temples surrounded by their students and discussed with them problems of philosophy, poetry, religion and kindred topics. Centuries ago these old professors practiced the method of teaching which you are now beginning to realize is the most valuable—the informal method of discussion. 'Talking to know what you think.'"

During our meanderings through the bazaar I kept my eyes open for one particular piece of Damascus merchandise—probably the most famous of all. Everywhere I went I looked for a real Damascus blade—the kind one reads of in the thousand and one tales of Syria. Although I visited several tiny blacksmith shops, the smiths refused to hammer blades to order, but I was able to buy a package of safety razor blades, which the vendor assured me were made in Damascus. They had the familiar face of King Gillette trade-marked upon them, but I smiled and bought Wrigley's Spearmint at the next stall and imagined I was back on a cigar store corner.

The disregard for life in the Orient seems incomprehensible. While we were at dinner that evening I noticed the furtive manner of some of the guests in and about the cafe, who will never

sit with their backs to the window. They were continually looking hurriedly behind their backs, to make sure, it seemed, that there was no one with a dagger behind them. Some of them looked as though they were every minute expecting an assassin. A life seems to count for little. To snuff one out now and then has been a regular procedure of Oriental ways, as in the days of Arabian Nights, when they chopped off a human head as a pastime.

In almost every Oriental city I have visited the stoic gloom that pervades the life of its inhabitants was oppressive. There was nothing of the laughter and cheerfulness of the people in other countries. Even the children seemed serious and impressed with the utter futility of life. Think of it—they have no Christmas trees or inspiration of the Master who declared that "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The heavy pall of human despair in this life is trying on the nerves and makes the American visitor long for the bright lights of Broadway and "li'l ol' New York." There are no church socials, basket ball or parties to welcome the New Year—all the years merge in one grim sepulchre of passing Time, making life a fate rather than a hope.

But hold—we are now on the borders of the Promised Land!

Playgrounds a Right of American Children

The movement in New York to devote a few acres for older and younger children in Central Park—August Heckscher, a lover of children, offers to equip them

CONTENTMENT comes through living over the sunshine of happy hours." Every time I see children playing I want to go out and join them. With the impulse comes the exhilaration and joy of doing things—jumping up and down, building up to tear down, romping, rolling over, relaxing—care-free, with nothing to think of except "having fun." Every happy hour of childhood adds something, somewhere, to the span of life.

Where is there a heart that has grown so cold it doesn't thrill to the sight of children at play? Watch their earnestness in the things that to some elders may seem so trivial, but it is these play days that really count for much in later life—the persistency of effort, the joy of finding new powers in themselves, if it be but the ability to balance on a fence, climb a tree, or, in the case of girls, jump rope or keep house. It is Nature's decree that the young must play. Kittens, colts and children alike have their playtime in life, and why not give first consideration to playmates of our own flesh and blood?

One striking difference between the lethargic, slow-going Orient and the progressive push of the Occident that was brought home to me during my recent travels in the Levant, is the fact that the gay-hearted children of the West know how to play. The desire of the American child to romp and play is recognized as an inherent and inalienable right of the citizenship of youth. From earliest infancy he is encouraged in his sport. The child who knows how to amuse himself or herself develops imagination, muscle and vigor, and grows to maturity much better equipped for the strenuous struggles of Western civilization.

It is unnecessary to argue these things with Mr. August Heckscher. In the maturity of a busy and successful life, he has year by year developed conclusion after conclusion that the greatest thing in the world is to have sturdy, healthy children who have the ability which the oriental tots seem to lack, to enjoy and derive benefit from the games and the playtime of youth.

For many years Mr. Heckscher's hobby has been children, and the establishment and maintenance of playgrounds throughout Greater New York has been a part of his great plans. He has already given millions toward child welfare—projects which he counts the best investments of life. Now he has generously offered to equip new playgrounds for the city of New York to be located in Central Park, north of 59th Street, and immediately accessible from the 6th, 7th and 8th Avenue entrances.

The largest portion of the playground of some fifteen acres has been set aside for both the smaller and the older children. The northerly portion which is by much the larger area, will be given over to a baseball field, a running track, and a complete field for outdoor sports. This improvement also will be paid for out of the fund of \$150,000 which Mr. Heckscher has pledged. It

is also contemplated to build an observation building of two stories containing rest rooms, showers, baths. On the top of this structure will be a roof garden where fathers, mothers, and other friends of children can observe to the south the activities of the younger children, and to the north of the older children—a complete horizon of happy children at play—a living picture of Youth in the golden hours of playtime. The little children will have several acres at the southerly end of the field, while the larger children will have ten or twelve acres occupying the northerly portion of the same children's reservation in Central Park.

The project reveals the thoughtful and considerate heart of August Heckscher and his love of children. This lovable altruist proposes to install a complete playground for the younger children to be separate from that of the older children, so that the tiny tots may have a little realm of their own.

Little Jack and Jill will have their own little hill and large wading pool and a shed, suggesting the hay loft in barns on old-fashioned farms, that the play may go on when it rains. Ample area is provided in which the children can roam with the freedom of the out-of-doors. The playground is to provide everything that a child loves—Maypoles, slides, swings, whatever it is thought will tend to develop the vitality of the children. It will be equipped with complete gymnastic accoutrements. And for the mothers, Mr. Heckscher's plans include a rest house from which they can watch their children as they are whirled about on the ever-fascinating merry-go-round with its thrills that childhood never for-gets.

With his unerring foresight, Mr. Heckscher has

already purchased a merry-go-round in order that it may be ready for use on short notice. It is to be a real playground for the children of the people, and suggestions for its betterment are welcomed by Mr. Heckscher and the Commission, who want to make it as complete as possible.

If you have ever visited Central Park in the summer, and night after night looked upon the glad throng enjoying the benign beauty of Nature in the very heart of the great metropolis, you will understand why Central Park, to millions of children, is a world unto itself—a veritable fairy-land to the prosaic children of the modern Babel, when children of many different tongues gather and understand how to play together. Central Park, in proportion to its area, is used by more people than any other park in the world. In the summer, a million people gather here to listen to the concerts, which are a regular feature, while others enjoy the freshness and quiet of evenings from which they derive the pleasure of real communion with Nature.

The newly-projected playground has enlisted the interest of New York officials, including Mr. Gallatin, Commissioner of Parks, and his entire staff, together with Mayor Hylan, Police Commissioner Enright, the Corporation Counsel, and President Murray Hulbert of the Borough of Manhattan—all of whom have given enthusiastic endorsement and support to the plan. Mr. John Tennant of the New York *Evening World*, Miss Sophie Loeb and scores of other eminent public-spirited citizens, have vigorously aided the movement.

It is hardly possible to estimate the complete influence of this progressive step in providing for the needs of the children of Gotham. In the larger areas north of Central Park, those in charge contemplate adding more baseball fields, a running track with a football field inside, a bowling green, and equipment for all sorts of pitching games. In winter they plan to flood large areas and provide places for skating. The provision of these shallow rinks will obviate the danger of breaking through and drowning, tragedies which so often occur on naturally frozen streams, ponds and lakes.

Mere contemplation of the project makes one feel young again, for Mr. Heckscher's plans, as a result of his contact with the youthful mind, is surcharged with the sympathetic spirit of childhood.

A charter has been applied for at Albany and Mr. Heckscher's legion of friends are in hope that the playground will be installed in the memory of Mrs. Heckscher, his helpmate and companion, who died this last year. Together they had worked on many plans for children.

Preliminary estimates of the expenditure required to install the playground and equipment totals \$150,000. The commission having the matter in hand will be a self-perpetuating body



AUGUST HECKSCHER

The Head of the Secret Service

John Edgar Hoover has scrapped the old "gum shoe, dark lantern and false moustache" traditions of the Bureau of Investigation and substituted business methods of procedure

THE Bureau of Investigation of the United States government, known as the Secret Service of the Department of Justice, is a fact-finding agency for the government in the orderly conduct of the legal functions of one of the three co-ordinate branches of the government and shall never be prostituted under his administration of its affairs, is the challenge laid down by its new and able director, John Edgar Hoover, whose thirty years of age have been crowded with events of moment greater than comes to the life of the majority of men, and the results of whose accomplishments bespeak an ability that fits him admirably for the important office of trust which he adorns. "I want the public to look upon the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice as a group of gentlemen, and if the men here engaged can't conduct themselves in office as such, I will dismiss them," he says emphatically. And this is not all that he requires of the trusted men under his direction, for he continues to discuss his policy, which in the last analysis is the soul of the Bureau itself under his incumbency. "I will never submit to an agent in this Bureau spying into the affairs of a member of Congress or deliberately lying. The badge of authority in the Bureau does not make a czar; the men here must treat the public justly. In the conduct of the Bureau I am trying to get men who are lawyers, accountants, and that type of men who can make evidence stick; it is not so many indictments, but a larger percentage of convictions that we are looking for. Since assuming the office of head of the Bureau, with the retirement of Mr. William J. Burns in May, 1924, I have reduced the force of investigators about seventy, but have increased the results. As an instance of this may be cited the fact that during the last six months of the year 1924, as compared with the corresponding six months in 1923, in the enforcement of the national motor law, we had 289 more new cases, 115 more indictments, and 166 more convictions, and in fines \$18,710 more than in the previous year, and had twelve less acquittals; and we had \$119,897 more in fines and recoveries than during the previous year, 174 more years imposed in the total sentences."

Mr. Hoover is eminently fitted for the great work which he has been called into for his government, and his young enthusiasm inspires him with the zeal and courage to make for it the best and yet the most liked man who has ever conducted its affairs. A trained officer as a cadet, in military tactics; a school debater who attracted attention in his home city; schooled in the law in one of the leading institutions of the land, from which he received two degrees; trained in the office of the United States Attorney-General in the preparation of cases and the prosecution of the accused; experienced during the World War and in the aftermath of that war in weeding out the enemies of the Republic and the orderly exercise of the functions of government,

there could, perhaps, have been found no more fittingly qualified man in America for this duty and in restoring confidence after the turmoil resulting from the war.

John Edgar Hoover was born in Washington, D. C., January 1, 1895, the son of Dickerson N. Hoover and Anna M. (Scheitlin) Hoover. An uncle of his was William Hitz, the Swiss Minister to the United States. He attended the public schools of the District of Columbia; became a cadet at the Central High School and was elected captain of Company A; took part in the inaugurals and government ceremonies that are so often of nation-wide note, and learned the workings of his government from a life's tutoring in its service; was chosen by his school as their representative in the inter-city high school debating team; was valedictorian of his class, and then, after graduation entered George Washington University in the study of law, where he received the degrees of LL. B. and LL.M.; was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia, to practice in the United States Court of Claims and the Supreme Court of the United States.

It was following his graduation from George



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JOHN EDGAR HOOVER, recently appointed Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, succeeding William J. Burns

Washington University that Mr. Hoover received appointment as special assistant to the Attorney-General, when the country was in a hectic state and bomb throwers lurked in the avenues of orderly existence. The residence of the Attorney-General became the mark of the anarchist in the night. Mr. Hoover was assigned to the work of weeding out the dangerous individuals that threatened the stability of society. He knew the law, including the Constitution, and so he set himself to the task; he pitched camp in the very heart of the enemies' stronghold. Emma Goldman, queen of the Reds, who had held sway in the United States since her spectacular rise in the Chicago Haymarket riots thirty years prior to this, and with her power of speech and pen from which had flowed a number of books on anarchism and free-love and kindred, had gathered to her a strong and dangerous following, and her paramour, Alexander Berkman, were his first thoughts. He went to their place of living; read and studied Emma Goldman's books and writings; attended her lectures and talked over her philosophy with her and sounded out the feelings and sentiments of those gathered about her until after six months of thought and investigation he had thoroughly established the fact that they were really enemies of our established government and worked out the legal way of deportation. He then took up the case of Ludwig C. A. K. Martens and had him groomed for the exodus. With these he arranged for the sailing of the *Buford*, "the Red Ark," with 249 undesirables, for Red Russia, and over the many complications and besetments, finally succeeded in ridding the country of them, and freed the land of the head and front of the foes within that threatened its destruction.

When, with the change of shifting events in 1924, Harlan F. Stone became Attorney-General of the United States and William J. Burns retired, there was at once suggestions going the rounds as to the man who would be called to the head of the Bureau of Investigation. Mr. Stone had brought this unit directly under the head of the Department, and many thought this would go for some political preferment, but in this they were doomed to disappointment, for Mr. Stone was looking for fitness for the office, and he naturally turned to the man whose record best conformed to his ideas as to what fitness means. The new Attorney-General called in Mr. Hoover and after discussing matters with him and finding at first hand what he had trained himself to think about, the appointment was offered and accepted. There was no flare of trumpets to herald the new accession, and knowledge of it came with the noting of the results attained.

Mr. Hoover gradually took over the duties of the office, reorganized it by gradually letting out some of the unnecessary men and replacing others into posts in which they were better suited to be engaged. He investigated the Gaston B.

Continued on page 374

Face to Face with Celebrities

Flashlight glimpses of those outstanding personalities in business, politics, literature, science, art, music and the drama who serve as milestones in human progress to mark the advancement of the world

THERE is the charm of gentility and Old World culture in the Roumanian legation at Washington where Prince and Princess Bibesco preside as host and hostess. An atmosphere of art and a literary study blend in perfect accord. Here were mementoes of the old Roumanian costumes, books, bric-a-brac and statues remindful of an ancient civilization. With all this, the glow of modern domestic happiness prevailed, for across the hall came the hostess, the mother of two charming children.

Princess Bibesco, author of "The Fir and the Palm," published by Putnam, is the daughter of the former Prime Minister of England, Herbert Asquith, whose autobiography published several years ago made a world wide stir. As the wife of Prince Bibesco she has enjoyed an unusual career. As a debutante she was a guest at many

a way characteristic of the heroine of "Dodo," intimating that American courtiers make love by telephone.

"American men are always on the end of a telephone, otherwise I imagine they are much like the rest of mankind."

Endowed with the sagacity and ability for calm survey characteristic of her famous father, the literary genius of Princess Bibesco has attracted critical and popular attention, for in her two volumes of short stories, "I Have Only Myself to Blame" and "Balloons," she proved her descriptive and narrative powers. The setting of her first novel, "The Fir and the Palm," has a background of politics and society in London. This first novel is acclaimed a notable achievement—remarkable for its satiric brilliance.

"Americans are most interesting to the people of the rest of the world. When they think of America, they think of energy, superlativeness and dollars. Washington is settling down to become a cultural as well as a political center. American readers always seem interested in stories of courts and courtiers. It is always interesting to hear the comment of American readers. They are usually frank and generous. The urge to write is strong and there is something exhilarating—a fascination in the desire to tell a story about others—to say nothing of yourself and your impressions that come with the fascination of new discoveries."

Princess Bibesco will follow up her first novel with a number of others which may give an inside glimpse of Washington diplomatic and smart set life such as she has furnished of London, and will give her a prominent place among the popular novelists of her time.

△

Johnny Weismuller, the Swimming Marvel, World Champion of that Sport

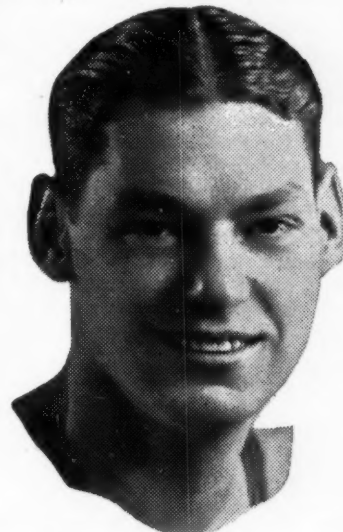
AT the swimming pool of the Illinois Athletic Club in Chicago I met Johnny Weismuller. I watched him as he dove into the tank, and before I hardly knew he had struck the water, away he flew, his long arms serving like fins. I understood then the reason he holds the world's swimming record for every distance up to five hundred yards—though that really isn't his limit. From early youth he has been trained and coached by Henry Bachrach for this outstanding position in the world of swimmers. He just naturally loves to swim and is almost like one of the finny tribe in the water. He swims in the morning, has lunch, rests, and swims again in the afternoon and evening.

"Yes, I am learning something new every day," he said, dripping with water as he came out of the tank. "Mr. Bachrach seems to understand better than I do what can be done. He tells me what to do and just how to do it and that is all there is to it," said the young world's champion swimmer with a modest smile. "I am watched

like a hawk, allowed only one game of golf a day, and one night to see my girl. I think that's making a great sacrifice for success in my profession, don't you?"

I looked at the long, slender arms that propel him forward as he shoots through the water like a high-power speed boat. Every one of his muscles seem adapted to swimming.

"Swimming isn't altogether a matter of strength, but of knowing how to make every motion count,"



JOHNNY WEISMULLER says: "Swimming is not altogether a matter of strength but of knowing how to make every motion count."

young Weismuller declares—and he should know for he is not of the powerful, broad-shouldered type. His coach stood by listening and looking at him with eyes sparkling almost with fatherly pride.

"I always felt that Johnny would be a world champion and I know he will remain the champion just as long as he continues to take care of himself and to practice," he declared. "When we relax and grow lazy we grow fat and lose our physical prowess. If men continued exercising as they did in their boyhood, Edison's dream of living one hundred and fifty years might be a reality. There is a great deal of difference between swimming in dead water and water of warmer temperature. There is also less difficulty in tank swimming than in buffeting the currents in running water or the ocean waves.

"We are very proud of the medals that our Johnny won at the Olympic games in Europe. He was looked upon as a miracle man—the way he shot through the water! Now there is only one record he has still to beat—that is his own and he is striving just as hard to beat it as a rival who covets his cups."

Johnny Weismuller is a tall, blue-eyed lad with



PRINCESS BIBESCO says: "Americans are interesting to the rest of the world. America makes them think of energy, superlativeness and dollars."

of the courts in Europe, as member of perhaps one of the most famous families in England, now the wife of a titled husband, she was able to gather impressions for her literary work from the varied experiences that provide incidents, excitement and plots associated with royal intrigues and distractions which people crave in novels.

The English author is usually a natural novel writer anyhow, but Princess Bibesco in meeting with the "smart set" of all nations, and traveling extensively, has had unusual opportunity for observation. Inheriting the keen, receptive powers of her gifted mother as well as a goodly share of her dauntless courage, she has written stories that people talk about. It was her mother, Margot Asquith, who only recently in answering Mussolini's inquiry at a dinner as to whether she thought American men were passionate and courted American women, replied in

a winsome, good-natured smile. He has not web feet as some people suppose, but seems to use every toe like a propeller in putting speed into his swimming motions.

"Yes, I shall confess it, I love to swim. I would rather be a good swimmer than anything else in the world, and Wade Bachrach never seems to be satisfied unless I clip off a second or two on each trial spin through the water."

There was something in the way Johnny said this that clearly indicated why he was the world champion, and he had to refuse to accept a cigarette offered him—coach was there.

△

Zona Gale, Novelist, Finds All the World to be a "Friendship Village"

SHE knows how to select the essentials in everyday life and early grasped the idea that it is not the cup of tea and dinner, but what the diners say to each other that counts. From this glimpse of truth in the habits of people she gave her stories a reality that is almost startling.

A tall, slender, almost fragile woman with soft brown hair and clear eyes is Zona Gale, and the success that has come to her has not turned her head. She still remembers all the folks back home in Portage.

It was from observation of afternoon teas that she wrote her first "Friendship Village" story. She smiled when she recalled the handicaps that attended her novel called "Birth." "I struggled over it more than over anything I had ever written," she declared.

"People are the same everywhere," Zona Gale insists. "Whether they are in a small town or in the city, whether at the Beaux Arts Society



ZONA GALE says: "The knowledge of human nature comes from knowledge of business."

or the Married Ladies Improvement Sodality, they think and gossip alike. It is not what they talk about that matters. The reader wants to hear, above all, that something which we unconsciously tell about ourselves. What is needed more than anything else in everyday life today is understanding.

"The knowledge of human nature comes from the knowledge of ourselves. We know that we love and we know that we hate. For these facts we require no reasons. Who can explain the writer who apparently goes far afield from his or her own experience and portrays vividly a plot that he has lived over in a train? All the world's a 'Friendship Village,' and the cast of characters

in my own small town of Portage is about the same as that of a metropolis, a Shakespearean play or an opera."

As a tiny miss of seven, Zona Gale made up her mind she was going to write. True to her decision, she began her literary career when other girls were still filling their copy books. She was scarcely seven years old when her birthplace, Portage, Wisconsin, was boasting of an author. Her first book she made of brown wrapping paper from the store, which she, herself, cut into sheets and sewed together. The people of Portage were proud of their literary light, although years passed before she had a real book, printed on real presses, to her credit.

When a child, she would retire to a corner of a room under an umbrella and make believe it was a dark sylvan nook. Then she would play she was lost in the forest, and later described her experiences in a story called "The Deep Woods."

Her first real story was sent to the publishers when she was but thirteen, and from then on she kept them going fast and furiously, saving her pin money for postage. "To the young writer, authorship has something of the fascination of gambling," says Miss Gale. "It is a game of chance, and I just kept on playing. There is an exhilaration in creative work, even if the postman brings it back."

She attended the University at Madison, but the only thing she really cared for was writing, and when her first story was printed in a Milwaukee paper, from which she received a check for \$3, she took the first train home to Portage to show her father the precious slip of paper.

At the University she won prizes for writing, but the things she wrote were not of the sort editors would buy. She just kept on writing, however, and soon found that there was enough romance right in her own home town to make many stories.

After graduating, some of her best early stories were printed without compensation. It was not until she had served her apprenticeship in newspaper work that she became more successful. She went to New York and worked for the *Evening World* to gain the experience necessary to put the popular punch in her stories. Some of these were written from her own experiences. She tenderly referred to the novel conceived in Central Park, where she analyzed the coming of Spring as the birth of the undefinable thing called Life. That was how the first Peleas and Ettard story came to be written. There are forty of them.

△

William H. Johnston, Who Led the La Follette Forlorn Hope

FROM his office in Washington, William Hugh Johnston, the La Follette chieftain, directed an Independent political campaign in which it was hoped to entangle the electoral machinery of 1924 and throw the selection of President into the House of Representatives. Looking you squarely in the face, this sturdily-built man with hair scarce a'top and eyes that never flicker, William H. Johnston reflects the vigor and virility of a machinist who knows his trade. While a newcomer in politics, he is an old-time organizer in labor circles and a forceful speaker, with a record which indicates that he has been a fiery radical in the labor ranks.

A native of Nova Scotia, he has been in this country about twenty years, making the dust fly as a labor leader. In early life he was an ardent member of the Salvation Army and there learned how to talk in the open air and win converts.

When he resigned he held the rank of captain in General Booth's Army, but is not now a member of the organization.

Some years ago William Johnston felt that La Follette was an exponent of his own ideas and he put the iron of his craftsmanship acquired as a machinist into the campaign for his man.

"Robert La Follette is not a third party candidate; he is an independent candidate. The vote for La Follette all over the country will be surprising. His work has been known for years and



WILLIAM H. JOHNSTON says: "We planned an intensive campaign on an extensive scale. The time had come for radicals to speak in the open—1924 was their opportunity."

thousands of laboring men are waiting for an opportunity to vote for him. The time has come for the radicals to speak out in the open, and 1924 is their opportunity."

The new national chairman has just turned the half century mark. Educated in the grammar schools in Nova Scotia, he was apprenticed to a machinist and has worked at all branches of the trade.

In 1905 he was elected president of the New England district of the International Association of Machinists. Four years afterward he was president of District 44, embracing all machinists in navy yards and arsenals and other government departments in Washington, and in 1913 was chosen president of the International Association of Machinists. He directed that organization during the war and was appointed by President Wilson a member of the National War Labor Board.

The machinists have their own building in Washington where William H. Johnston has his headquarters. Vice-president of the Mt. Vernon Savings Bank and director of the Commercial National Bank of Washington, Mr. Johnston has had experience in financial matters outside of his labor career.

"We are planning an intensive campaign on an extensive scale and we are not only going to hold our own midwest area, but are going to drive hard for a vote in the enemy's country."

This was said in the positive way which characterized confident leadership. Experience as a banker has enabled him to know how to secure the contributions necessary in an aggressive campaign. Thoroughly familiar with all phases of labor legislation, he has kept a close eye on what has been going on in Washington as well

as in the various state legislatures, and has the labor record of every member of Congress in a card index.

A close personal friend of Senator La Follette he has become one of the close advisers of the senior Senator from Wisconsin in political affairs.

"The line of cleavage is radical or reactionary. You do not have to guess where we stand," said William H. Johnston, arising as if preparing to make an address in the regular way—for he knows how to talk on his feet—and start folks moving.

A

Clark Howell, of the "Atlanta Constitution," a Newspaper Man of Note

"NEWSPAPER work is a composite of all professions. We have to know a little of everything, and how interesting it is to always have something unexpected or new in the course of a day's work," he commented, giving his Beau Brummel mustache a twirl.



CLARK HOWELL says: "I count my newspaper training more essential than the years in college. It taught me how to make full use of information on any one subject."

"I count my first training in newspaper work as more essential than the years in college. It taught me how to make full use of the information gathered concerning any one subject. Newspapers are more or less pictures. You read much more between the lines than appears in print. The art of good writing involves some algebraic proposition, leaving the reader to sometime figure out for himself the unknown quantity."

His associates on the *Atlanta Constitution* include Joel P. Chandler, Harris of "Brer Rabbit" fame and Frank D. Stanton, the poet whose hearthside lyrics have sung themselves into the hearts of the people. There is a galaxy of names eminent in public life and in literary fame clustering about the traditions of the *Atlanta Constitution*, a newspaper with a career almost as distinctive as its namesake, the good old ship "Constitution," that has long outlived all its contemporaries as an inspiring monument to the highest and best traditions of the country.

Who will ever forget the address of the late Henry W. Grady at Plymouth Rock on the New South. It was a voice of prophecy. The eloquent words of the Georgia editor made his paper, *The Constitution* a national force, but it was his later successor, Clark Howell, who with firm hand at the helm made *The Constitution* an American institution.

Born in Erwin, South Carolina, in the midst of the Civil War, the son of a Confederate Cap-

tain, Clark Howell inherits a militant spirit. Graduating from the University of Georgia in 1883, he made up his mind to become a newspaperman, the lure of the law meaning nothing to him. When offered a pass to New York City to join the reportorial staff of the *New York Times*, mere salary was not considered. In one year he tried his wings in metropolitan journalism, and joined the staff of the *Atlanta Constitution* as night editor under Henry W. Grady. There was a close friendship between the two—that has lived on, despite the untimely death of Grady—and Clark Howell has carried out the ideals of his associate in reference to the new South.

In 1886, Clark Howell found himself a member of the legislature from Fulton county, continuing three terms and serving as Speaker of the House. Then he advanced to the Senate and became president of the Georgia Senate. In the fateful presidential campaign in 1896, Clark Howell was elected a member of the Democratic National Committee from Georgia, and served twenty-seven years. As Committeeman from Georgia he was largely instrumental in bringing the Democratic National Convention to New York through an eloquent tribute to the metropolis.

An able speaker, Clark Howell has all the fiery eloquence and flow of language associated with a Southern orator. When he makes an address at a dinner or a banquet in New York the guests are always on the quiver.

A

Wayne B. Wheeler, the Prohibition Watchguard

ONE familiar face to legislators at Washington, to allies and foes alike of prohibition, is that of Wayne B. Wheeler. This seasoned veteran can almost look out of his office window and keep a fatherly eye on Congress. As general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League of America, he has kept well in front on the Prohibition firing line.

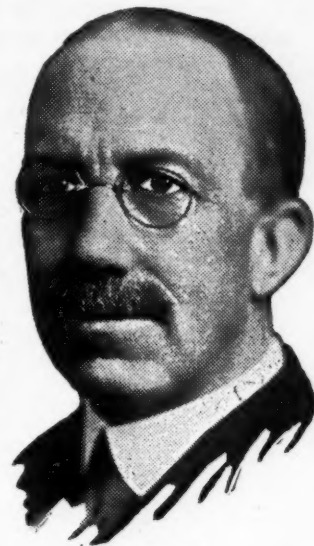
When I met him he seemed the antithesis of the popular conception of a dry crusader. He can laugh and is human without wearing an undertaker's smile. In conversation there is no inconsequential and innane chatter—he knows the exact point towards which he is driving. He is right after results with determination—and he usually gets what he goes after.

"In the campaigns I have been through I find that men are inclined to be fair minded, clean and wholesome—even our bitterest opponents respect our purposes and some of our accomplishments, if not our methods."

Wayne Wheeler has an eagle eye and keeps in close touch with the enemy, for he has been up against many fights that have been called hopeless, and wins his battles by the process of elimination. The wet membership of Congress who have been dropped one by one, understand this. The last time he made an attack on Congress there were only about sixty wets, and they led a forlorn hope in their fight for 2.75 per cent beer. The people are going to take no chances in the return of the saloon.

Contrary to the usual conception, Wayne Wheeler is non-partisan on all questions except Prohibition. Voters are kept informed on the attitude and "inclinations" of members of Congress and even know the temperature, whether wet or dry, hot or cold as a measure is under consideration. He does not use rhetoric or adjectives, but the closed season for wet Congressmen continues. An "X" is marked against their names, and that is the end, for this "X" is not an unknown quantity in the legislative equation.

For nearly forty years Wayne Wheeler has been in the thick of legislative fights, and he does not have to stop to look up the law for he has a long range memory and knows prohibition law. He has analyzed every word and comma of every bill before Congress from the time it



WAYNE B. WHEELER says: "The coming generation will not become boot-leggers or consort with them in defiance of laws and in face of sentiment that still prevails."

was proposed up to the last motion when it was disposed in final action.

The flank attacks and large funds raised to attack prohibition does not appall Wayne Wheeler for he was born fifty-five years ago, in Brookfield, Ohio, the state where they begin early in developing a political instinct. As a student at Oberlin College he was inspired with the vision of a saloonless America.

"There is no use in trying to fool ourselves into believing that the battle is won. The real work of prohibition has just begun, and the enforcement of the law is coming through public sentiment which recognizes that the general habitual drinking of liquor by the masses has become a thing of the past.

"The abolition of the saloons has come to stay as an economic as well as a moral necessity. The coming generation will not become boot-leggers or consort with them in defiance of laws and in face of sentiment that still prevails. Drinking liquor is not essential to getting on in the world or becoming good citizens of the Republic."

A

Kathleen Norris of California Writes Novels and Raises Prunes

AT the age of twenty-three, the literary efforts of Kathleen Norris began to bear fruit. There was back of this beginning years and years of toil and struggle. Throughout her youth Mrs. Norris was absorbed in the problems that come to every American man and woman of limited resources and that is why her stories have met with so strong a response from readers. The author of "Mother" was born in San Francisco, California. At the age of nineteen she was thrown on her own resources after the death of her father and mother. It was for her to solve the financial difficulties and become the sole support of her brothers and sisters.

The care-free and happy days of childhood she realized had gone forever, but she went bravely to work in an attempt to make both ends meet and provide for the care and education of her family of brothers and sisters. Her first position with a hardware firm paid her \$30 a month. She worked hard for her salary, but nevertheless, at the close of the day's work she would return home to make the beds, prepare the meals, and shoulder all the



KATHLEEN NORRIS says: *"The people of my fancy drop in and see me now and then, and I am a little girl again receiving imaginary company while playing with dolls."*

responsibilities of her position as a mother and educator.

She attempted a year's course in the English Department of the University of California, but was recalled, when it was less than half completed, to look after the needs of her family. Undaunted and undiscouraged she kept at her writing, even though her manuscripts returned as regularly as the mailman called.

A short time later she obtained a position as a librarian and was thus enabled to devote more time to her reading and writing. Although it was while she held this position that she sold her first story, "The Colonel and the Lady," for which she received \$15.50, her real success did not come until some years later.

From settlement work to society editor on a newspaper seems a far cry, but Kathleen Thompson bridged the gap as successfully as she did everything else. In this position she had a vantage point for observation of the life about her. She therefore counts these years she spent as a newspaper reporter and editor the most valuable in her preparation for the writing of fiction.

In 1909 she married Charles Norris, a younger brother of the author of "The Pit." Association with the brothers stimulated her to write and keep on writing. As usual, her manuscripts came back with cold and austere looking rejection slips, but she was never disheartened. She kept everlastingly at it until finally, one of the leading magazines discovered the genius that had been developed in her persistent struggle, and soon after this she had the satisfaction of seeing her work appear in five different magazines almost simultaneously.

Her well-known book, "Mother," was written originally for a short story contest. Discovering that it was three times the length permitted, she laid it aside and wrote another story to meet the requirements. Upon its appearance five different book publishers requested Mrs. Norris to extend the story that it might be published in book form. She was prepared for the task and only needed to bring out the original manuscript. The twenty-five editions into which this book has gone tell the story of the novel that was laid aside for another day.

Mrs. Norris has returned to her native state of California and here she spends her time with her husband, who is also a distinguished novelist. Although prune raising is the nominal

occupation at the Norris ranch, we suspect that there are more creations of fancy and imagination turned out there than prunes—or is it plums?

With her little son, named after his uncle, the writer of "The Pit," "Bread," and best sellers of earlier days Mrs. Norris lives surrounded by the many characters she has created.

"I seem to be living my life over," she says. "The people of my fancy come and see me just as they did when I was a little girl playing with my dolls and receiving imaginary company. What a wonderful thing is imagination! It has ever a deeper hold upon us than stern reality."

△

Allan Dwan, noted Motion Picture Director, a Stickler for Realism

ALLAN DWAN in a "close-up" is personally an intensely practical man before whose searching eyes temperamental stars soon lose their finicky notions.

He was born in Toronto, Canada, the native city of Mary Pickford. In early youth he dreamed of becoming a "star" member of the Northwest Mounted Police. At the age of seven, the future picture director found himself in Chicago trying to study his lessons in the public schools. It was in the park on Saturday afternoons that he first displayed his interest in the drama. He would then attend the vaudeville performances in Ferris Wheel Park—over the back of the fence. This led to his first production, which was presented in his father's barn to an admiring audience of chubby-faced youngsters.

After his graduation he felt he was ready for the study of electrical engineering. He took a course at Notre Dame University at South Bend, but in the meantime was more interested in football, wrestling, and track racing than he was in physics, dynamics and the other studies.

As director of the dramatic club of South Bend, with Rev. William A. Moloney, C.S.C. of the University of Notre Dame, he foreshadowed his career. He began his real career as a teacher at Notre Dame, but the call of the theatre was too strong for him, and he soon found himself drifting toward the footlights. He was given a small role in "Aristocracy" at the Ziegfeld Theatre in Chicago.

Now he shifted his ambition. He wanted to write the world's greatest play, and he went to

New York to do it. The sequel to this flyer in literature was meeting the inevitable pawnbroker. Later the unappreciative hotel manager seized his trunks, clothes, and typewriter, putting an effectual end to his play-writing activity. But when things were at their lowest ebb, he sold a scenario to the old Essanay Company, and blossomed out as a picture man. In San Diego he continued his career as an editor and writer and kept his eyes open for his opportunity, which came soon enough. When one of the company's directors became incapacitated, he asked to be assigned to the task of completing the picture. He did it so well that he became a director—and a famous one at that.

Allan Dwan simply will not stand for what he labels "press agent stuff." "I think all this talk of temperamental stars in pictures is nonsense," he declared emphatically.

Allan Dwan is one of the most athletic of the directors. It is not uncommon for him to push a couple of studio huskies, grunting under the weight of a bit of scenery, out of the way, and swing the heavy piece into place himself.

I saw him at the time that he was making "Robin Hood," with Douglas Fairbanks. Behind those dark glasses he uses he sees things that others overlook. If Douglas Fairbanks' marksmanship in an archery scene was not just



ALLAN DWAN says: *"Pictures must have perspective—it is that which a picture implies that counts."*

what it should have been, Allan Dwan was the first to spot the fact, and to send him out to practice until he could hit the bulls-eye.

He insists upon an atmosphere of reality for his settings. During 1924 he went to Europe to get the proper exteriors for "The Coast of Folly." I saw him in Brussels with Gloria Swanson. The company worked hard, but always had time to look in upon the crippled soldiers at the hospitals.

When the late celebrated conference duel was on between the picture producers and the Authors' League, Allan Dwan made the hit of the program by bringing his camera on the stage to illustrate his talk.

He understands the shortcomings of pictures as well as their good points, and realizes that the public plays an unseen and unconscious, but highly important part in every production.

"I have always felt that pictures must have perspective," he told me. "We can get something in a picture that is not precisely shown on the screen, and when the inspiration, the thought behind it all, is caught by the minds of the audience—that is a real triumph!"

JUST YOU AND I

Just you and I upon a hill—
And in the distance woods and fields,
And little brooks that purl and play
And loiter slowly on their way
To join the river to the sea—
The while you smile at me!

And fleecy clouds go sailing by
Like fairy boats, until it seems
We are encompassed with a sea of dreams—
Alone upon an elfin land
That reaches upward to the sky—
Just you and I!

Alone where birds—like spirits of the woods
At play—with pert and knowing looks
And chattered comment seem to say:
"Welcome to our world of beauty and delight,
Where daytime merges softly into night
And shines the evening star so bright!

"Come play with us—if so your hearts be kind,
And learn our secrets and our ways of mind,
And why we are so wiser than you human-kind—

Who waste your lives in doing foolish things—
While we seek Heaven
With our soaring wings!"

Rheabat Fabric Attracting Attention

Lost art of treating Rhea or China Grass revived, making a durable and wearable fabric that may make the grasses of China and the world succeed King Cotton, as cotton replaced Queen Flax. D. E. DeLape, chemist and inventor of Boston, has mastered and produced wonderful results that are attracting world-wide attention

FROM a product known in the remote and ancient times of "Cycles of Cathay" the modern world may be clothed with Rhea, or more commonly known as China Grass, which grows in profusion in China and India, now being planted and grown in the Southern states. An economic evolution may be precipitated in the world's textile markets, evolving into a real up-setting of the present system of producing textiles for the world's millions. Just as King Cotton succeeded Queen Flax, as raiment for the peoples of the world, so Rhea, the Chinese nettle grass, known centuries before the time of Christ, may solve the acute problem confronting the world today in the shortage of long staple cotton, made more acute by the demands upon the cotton markets by the rapid evolution of the aeroplane, dirigible and the automobile in the tire industry with its allied branches. Then again, the mounting labor costs which confront the Southern cotton growers on account of the influx of negro labor to Northern industrial centres and the ravages of the Boll Weevil. It really affects a crisis in production of raiment for the world's millions more than any one phase of manufacture. But with the solving of great feats of chemistry by D. E. De Lape, who is credited with one of the outstanding discoveries in chemistry in the textile world, the Rheabat Corporation, of Boston, Massachusetts, is now holding the attention of the leaders of the textile world. A fibre grass commonly known as Rhea, that Nature lavishly provided in the Celestial Kingdom and known since the days of Confucius and used in Egypt in the days of King Tut and the Pharaohs, now offers a solution that may prove the veritable "Acres of Diamonds" lying fallow in the fields of China and India, awaiting the magic alchemy of chemistry to serve one of the most vital needs of mankind.

There are many interesting facts regarding Rhea fibre. The first of these is that after de-gumming, it will not rot. A pile of the fibre left on a river bank and exposed to sun, rain, snow, growing vegetation and insects after two and a half years remains strong and glossy. Rheabat cloth used as curtains on the de-gumming tanks and alternately exposed to live steam, hot and cold water, with part of the cloth exposed constantly to the action of the boiling, de-gumming chemical solutions, remains as strong as when first put on, more than two and a half years ago, which evidences Rhea's usefulness for cordage, lines, nets, ropes and bags.

Rhea will not stretch or shrink, hence its great value for braids, linings, clothing and under-clothing, twine and shoe threads. Since it is pure cellulose, it makes wonderful paper, being especially valuable for making paper money, bonds, documents, structural maps and field notes.

There has never been any question as to its great value, providing a method could be discovered of cheaply de-gumming it. With the



D. E. DeLAPE, who has achieved a remarkable success in making Rhea, more favorably known as China Grass, suitable for clothing, linens, superseding them for general wear. An accomplishment commanding the attention of the textile world. Here in New England the science of de-gumming grasses, known to the ancient Egyptians and Hindus, has become reality

discovery of the Rheabat process, this has been successfully accomplished.

The subsequent treatment of the fibres in squeeze rolls, hydro-extractors, driers, and softening machines will not be discussed in this article, as the machinery used is substantially the same as that in use in the various textile industries. However, it was necessary to import some machinery from Europe to handle these extremely long fibres in the early stages. Later research, however, has resulted in the production, under the direction of the inventor, of all machinery in the United States.

The fibres sought are imbedded in a coating of albuminoids, waxes, oils, and woody substances between the thin outer bark and the relatively thicker stem of the plant. Through the centuries, the method of securing these fibres has been one of slow hand picking and scraping with alternate boilings in alkalis and acids—a process that was both tedious and expensive and entailed frequent loss of the entire lot under treatment.

Retting by means of water or dew, the method employed in the treatment of flax, was not successful as applied to Rhea, as its greater thickness of enveloping gums made the process commercially impossible. For centuries some method has been sought to accomplish by chemical action the result achieved by the bacterial action of water and dew retting.

When finally discovered by the inventor, it proved amazingly simple and rapid, but there still remained numerous problems that, for a time, were staggering. Owing to the great length of the gossamer-like filaments which vary from these three inches to six feet, no method of boiling off and cleaning the short-stapled fibres such as is employed in the case of cotton and wool treatment could be used on this material. While cotton can be spun and woven in an absolutely raw state and then bleached, dyed and printed, flax made into cloth and bleached while still unfinished, and wool partially washed, carded, spun and woven before finishing, Rhea must be completely de-gummed before going to the picker and the cards.

Years of sustained effort proved that the chemicals used would de-gum the fibres, but they also proved that unrestrained washing in wool washers, kiers, laundry machines, baskets, trays, conveyors, not to mention the numerous other machines for cleaning fibres, was useless as regards the treatment of Rhea, as from 25 to 100 per cent of the lot invariably became a tangled mass which was hopelessly broken up on the pickers and cards and made absolutely useless for textile purposes.

Then began the search for a method of boiling that would not tangle the fibres. At first it was thought that the use of pressure tanks would remove the difficulty, but it was soon found that under this new process the fibres turned out were short and thread-like. Then laundry washers, with and without nets were tried, but here, again, the result was unsatisfactory. The fibres either became hopelessly tangled in the process, or else the cost was too high to be practical. Now revolving double reels were used with the result that the fibres in the outside layers were well de-gummed, but those of the inside layers remained in their raw state.

Finally, after these many varying unsuccessful experiments had been tried, D. E. DeLape, the inventor of Rheabat, hit upon the idea of the tank at present used exclusively in the Rheabat processes. This tank is so constructed that while the boiling goes on, no ebullition takes place on the bottom, sides, or ends. The vigorous motion of the boiling liquids goes on horizontally, on the surface, they then sink below. The liquids, being drawn downwards, are filtered through the mass of fibres by means of a circulation system, then to be again super-heated, sprayed over the top and drawn down again and again until the fibres are finally cleaned.

While the process is going on, millions of little gas bubbles attach themselves to the fibres, lifting them toward the surface, and holding them from four to six inches above the screened false bottom of the tank. The fibres cannot rise quite to the surface as they are met by the descending water and by its weight held under the surface at a constant depth of two or three inches, thus

or perhaps 500,000 tons of fibres from which the linen of commerce can be made.

By reason of the impossibility of dew and water retting in the great flax growing areas, all this valuable fibre has hitherto been burned. But now plans are being completed for the utilization of this fibre by means of chemical retting of the flax in the fields where it is grown; the

wagon ruts where the miners teamed ore from their claims.

When there was rain these plants would become soggy and the wagons in making their snake like journey through crooked ruts made by the wagon wheels would crush the Yucca plants. Later on rain and sunshine had finished the decordation, and the de-gumming of the fibre would result. Mr. De Lape then got his inspiration that led up to his final discoveries and began to figure on a method of accomplishing the results he has finally achieved in producing Rheabat. In his primitive laboratory, which was the kitchen of the cabin, using kitchen utensils he succeeded in producing first class cordage materials, in from fifteen to thirty minutes, using same for broken harnesses by boiling in a chemical solution, without any mechanical assistance other than a slight squeezing. Mrs. De Lape was a patient assistant through all the experiments, reminding one of Madame Curie assisting Professor Pierre Curie, her husband in the discovery of radium. These experiments covered a period of seventeen years.

The business was brought to New England by Charles Batre of Arizona, its first president (now deceased), D. E. DeLape and George B. Keene. In 1922 the corporation became a reality, through the efforts of the above named persons and Roscoe S. Milliken of Nashua, N. H. Later Herbert G. Beede of Pawtucket, R. I., became associated with the corporation and is today its president. The present plant at East Pepperell was purchased and machinery was installed. Then subsidiary companies such as the National Rhea Company, and the Nivea Company, Ltd., of Shanghai, China, were organized and a braiding plant was purchased.

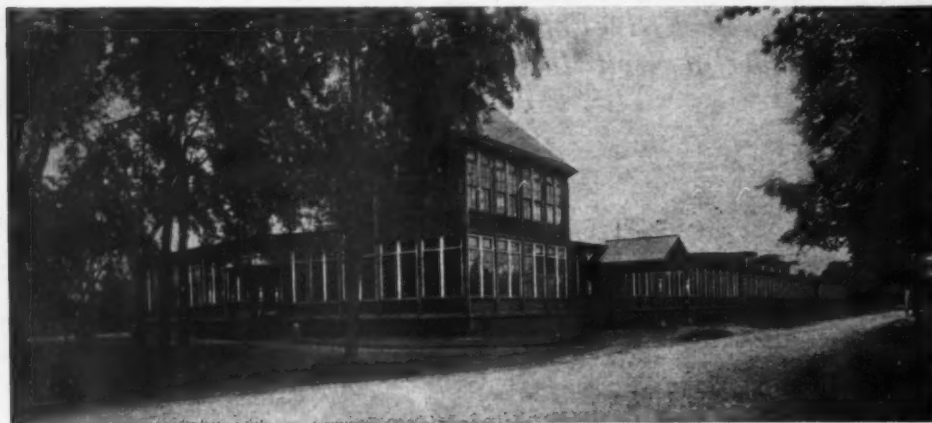
It is the policy of this Company to sell its prepared fibre under exclusive licenses to certain large textile spinning, marketing and manufacturing organizations under guarantees that assure it of a sufficiently large outlet to warrant giving these exclusive licenses.

The National Rhea Company, composed of some of the most successful men in the textile industry, with offices in Providence, R. I., and a new plant located at Putnam, Conn., is one of the companies affiliated with this Corporation. High grade special machinery, ordered from European manufacturers, and paid for to the extent of \$300,000.00, has been received and is now in part operation in the Putnam plant. The National Rhea Company has already placed large orders with the Rheabat Corporation for the fibre and promises to become one of its largest consumers.

The Rheabat Corporation has arranged to take over an established shoe thread concern on a very attractive basis. This business is now operating on cotton but it has already utilized a sufficient quantity of Rheabat yarns to prove that it is commercially superior and more profitable for this line of manufacture.

The plant at East Pepperell, Massachusetts, consisting of about 94,000 square feet of floor space and $4\frac{1}{4}$ acres of land abutting the Nashua River with unlimited water rights. The Company has over a million pounds of raw material on hand in addition to several million pounds under contract.

The "Rhea" fibre is the principal product of the Company. This is sold to various other concerns, who convert it into commercial threads, yarns and high grade paper stock. These materials are in turn being manufactured by these concerns into such products as knickers and jackets of the "Palm Beach" variety, covering cloths for laundry rolls and tailors' pressing ma-



MODERN PLANT of the Rheabat Corporation at East Pepperell, Massachusetts, where Rheabat is made. This is one of the many plants that are now used for producing this wonder fabric. Here all the early experiments were made

the loosely floating mass of fibres is like "Mahomet's coffin" held in suspension.

The particles of encrusting materials which are heavier than water sink down below the screen bottom and are later drawn off by suction. The lighter-than-water gums, oils, etc., rise as scum, are driven to the sides and ends of the tanks, where, by means of an arrangement of double ends, they are trapped and drawn off by means of refuse pipes instead of being pulled down through the fibres. The action of the boiling chemicals is so rapid and positive that small amounts are completely de-gummed in ten minutes and tonnage lots of 200 to 400 pounds per tank are cleaned in from one to three hours.

The manifold uses to which this fibre can be put has resulted in the building up of an industry that is growing daily. This industry embraces, among other things, a system of granting licenses permission to spin and weave the Rhea which has been formulated by the Rheabat Corporation and, in addition, new fields are being opened from time to time. One of the latest of these is the production of steel-like calender rolls of a polished ivory finish that, while being harder than ivory, is still marvelously absorbent.

Another interesting proof is that experiments have proved Rhea can be grown in the United States over a latitude extending from the Gulf States to southern Tennessee and in all of Southern California and Arizona. Experimental fields have yielded twenty-five tons to the acre in two cuttings. Plans are now being formulated to plant large areas of Rhea grass, thus offsetting the decrease in cotton producing area.

Using similar tanks, but entirely different chemical solutions, the flax straws of the United States and Canada can be retted in thirty minutes. Both the threshed straw from which the seed has been removed, and the longer pulled straw grown especially for fibre, are being retted in these peculiar tanks and a remarkably soft, light-colored line fibre produced. It is estimated that from two to three million tons of flax straw in the United States and about 800,000 tons in Canada, are burned annually. This straw contains an average of 20 per cent workable fibre,

removal of the shivres, and the baling of the resulting fibres which will later be spun into American linen.

A word here about D. E. De Lape, the chemist and inventor, as well as the discoverer of the Rheabat process, would not be amiss. He has a striking, forceful personality with Rooseveltian vigor, and courage, and has ever been seeking the solution of the mysteries of Nature. A mining prospector for a period of over twenty-five years, a journalist with a varied experience in the Great West, in mining camps, the deserts, pursuing his mining developments in order to secure needed funds for his laboratory, then hastening back again to his laboratories, to gather material and solve the mysteries of a textile art known to the Hindu and the Pharaohs, a lost art; working and experimenting with different grasses, proving his scientific deductions, and eventually attaining the much-sought for goal. Somewhat like Untos, the central characters of the story of the "Witches' Caldron," Mr. De Lape has succeeded in accomplishing a revolutionary feat in chemistry, and has perfected a process which accomplishes in twenty minutes what others have worked on for months to accomplish and were unsuccessful.

The story of Rheabat would not be complete without a connecting link of real romance, but the story of the early experiments of Mr. De Lape, reads more like a story, connected with the movies, instead of a narrative based on actual facts. While prospecting in the west country, and meeting all the trials and tribulations of those seeking fame and fortune, wresting the wealth from the bosom of Mother Nature, amid cactus and desert, mountains, and pueblos, sparsely scattered Indian settlements, survivals of a great past, Mr. De Lape and his faithful wife, lived several years in the western mining country, and with their children they well know the life of the pioneer. It was here in the mining country that Rheabat was first conceived. There is a fibrous plant called the Yucca that grows profusely in the west country, a tough, useless plant. Sometimes full grown plants would become uprooted and work their way into the

The World's Greatest Print Shop

Many historic documents were put in type in the Government Printing Office. One of the busiest places in Washington, it is a scene of throbbing activity at all times, day and night

IN America, the disciples of Benjamin Franklin have since his day been recognized as a class unto themselves. "Aristocrats of the trades," and similar pseudonyms have long been applied to them in recognition of the peculiar conditions surrounding their daily work which results in their becoming, perhaps, as a whole, the most intelligent group of workmen. Since the days of Gutenberg, the inventor of moveable type, the printer and publisher has occupied an enviable position in the public estimation. There is something in the nature of a halo distinguishing the work of the publicists in the public eye, and rightly too.

George H. Carter is a typical member of the printing craft. When the late President Harding appointed him public printer, from everyone who knew the man or his work came an unusual expression of confidence in his ability. Harding's choice was commended highly, for it was realized that he had picked the man for the office with the unerring skill of one who knew the business. There was no secret as to the aptness of his choice, for it was remembered that the President himself was a member of the craft and had spent a lifetime employing and directing printers. He knew the trade from A to Z.

Carter was well prepared for the new work, as he had served as secretary of the Printing Investigation Commission and clerk of the Joint Committee on Printing. He knew the business from the inside out, as well as from the outside in. He had studied the important problem of cost of production and had long years of training in the proper management of personnel.

From his knowledge of the latter element in production, Mr. Carter came to understand that the human factor in industry is the one upon which all the others depend, and upon his coming into office he immediately determined to put his modern ideas with regard to personnel into practice. As his initial move in the new program, he set to work to make the largest printing office in the world a human organization.

He studied the plant and found a great deal of unused space which in conformance with his theories, he determined to utilize. He brought the waste space in the attic and on the roof into use and established a cafeteria, a recreation room, and a commodious auditorium which he named "Harding Hall." There are four regulation bowling alleys adjoining the lunch room. The introduction of these innovations has resulted in building up a cohesive organization and a spirit of fellowship that has naturally yielded enormous results in production.

The personnel work relating to women is in charge of the assistant to the public printer, Miss Mary A. Tate, who is the first woman to ever have charge of this important work. There are normally over four thousand employees, but during the rush season the staff is sometimes increased.

During the past four years the government

printing organization has made a record in its work that has astonished department chiefs as well as practical printers. The kind of work that Carter has been accomplishing is shown by the almost unbelievable success that has been his in the publication of the reports and minutes of the Conference on Limitation of Armament. This document, consisting of 910 pages, nearly three times the size of the ordinary popular novel, was printed in twenty-four hours. The first form reached the press room at 10.30 A. M. and the finished book was sent to the bindery at five o'clock in the afternoon. Copies were delivered to the President and Congress the following morning. This remarkable record called forth an appreciative letter from Secretary Hughes which is a matter of public record:

"I have delayed writing you," the Secretary wrote, "only because an adequate opportunity was lacking to express my high appreciation of the very unusual service which you rendered during the Conference on the Limitation of Armament. I question whether any other printing establishment in any country could have performed the work done by the

Government Printing Office, especially in consideration of the high standard of printing that was maintained throughout. On several occasions your effective co-operation was absolutely essential and in every instance was rendered most cheerfully and successfully.

"Accordingly, I trust you will accept my most cordial thanks for your assistance, and I wish you would also say to all the employees of your office how much their efficiency and unselfish devotion to duty added to the success of our labors during the conference."

When the Typothetae convention, representing print shops from all parts of the country, met in Washington, they held one session at the Government Printing Office. Few printers can visit this great print shop without experiencing a feeling of pride in their craft.

The white lights gleaming from the public printing office indicate one of the busiest spots in Washington. It makes at all times, night and day, a scene of activity. The public print shop under Mr. George H. Carter is more than its name implies—it is an institution. Employees understand and appreciate the real fellowship of their craft in working for Uncle Sam.

The reports of the government printing office which are published regularly by Mr. Carter are interesting reading because they are practical and matter of fact and go into details so every American can understand as a stockholder what is going on in this world-renowned printing establishment of Uncle Sam.

The laurels held by the *Congressional Record* for so many years as the biggest job handled in the world's greatest print shop, has now been surpassed in the work of printing patent specifications. This is convincing evidence of the lively activity of the inventive genius of America. The *Patent Gazette*, issued weekly by the government, has more than four thousand paid subscribers at \$5.00 a year. This is \$3.25 less than the actual cost of paper and press work, not including composition. Mr. Carter made recommendations toward eliminating this deficit. "If the handling of *Patent Gazette* subscriptions were turned over entirely to the Superintendent of Documents to be sold by him at reprint cost, plus 10 per cent, the same as other Government publications, a saving of fully \$30,000 a year could be effected in the appropriation for the Patent Office."

Just to print the bills and resolutions for Congress for one year cost \$150,000, but this is a great decrease from that of previous years. Every department now is charged for its work on a regular business basis, and extra charges are properly made for rush work and authors' alterations.

The Secretaries of the Treasury, Navy Department and Departments of Labor, Commerce and Agriculture, and the former Director of the Bureau of the Budget, Vice-President Charles G. Dawes, insisted upon writing letters, concerning the splendid co-operation given them in printing their reports, and it is creditable to General Dawes that he did not neglect



GEORGE H. CARTER. Public Printer, has transformed the largest printing office in the world into a great human organization through the successful application of his modern ideas of the proper management of personnel

to mention Mr. H. W. Weber, superintendent of printing, and Mr. M. E. Bullock, foreman of printing, for the expeditious manner in which the work was handled, although there were numerous last-minute changes which necessitated a number of revised proofs. From the Interstate Commerce Commission, the General Supply Committee and the Lincoln Memorial Commission there were also written expressions of appreciation, to say nothing of the hundreds of grateful words sent to the Public Printer directly over the telephone.

Mr. Carter has called attention to the great gross waste of printed matter distributed free of charge, and strongly recommended a centralized circulation of government publications on a sales basis by the Superintendent of Documents. At one time nearly four million of obsolete or worthless publications had to be sold as waste paper to make room for the incoming millions of copies of new documents.

Each member of Congress is entitled to designate eight public libraries as depositories of the *Patent Gazette* and four for geological publications, but only 830 designations out of a possible total of forty-two hundred have been made, indicating that this is one place where a Congressional prerogative is overlooked.

The "G. P. O. Cafeteria and Recreation Association" was organized by voluntary contributions of \$1 or \$2 each by employees to a common fund for the purpose of securing a working capital to operate the cafeteria. The cafeteria and recreation activities are operated at little expense to the Government, which indirectly derives a great benefit from the better health, higher morale and increased production of the employees.

A summary of the work achieved by Mr. Carter includes the standardization of letter-heads as to paper stock and size, saving many thousands of dollars a year, to say nothing of standardized wall calendars for all departments.

Under Mr. Carter, the Official Register (*Blue*

Book) was discontinued together with many other useless public documents during the first four years. A visitor to the government print shop soon understands why George H. Carter has made a success of his task. First of all, his heart and soul are in the work, and he has the enthusiastic co-operation of one of the largest printing organizations in the world. It is the work of direction and appreciation of his co-workers.

While George H. Carter was born in Mineral Point, Wisconsin, he graduated from the University of Iowa, and began as a proof reader and state news editor, on the *Tribune*, Sioux City, Iowa. After a time spent on the *Nonpareil*, Council Bluffs, Iowa, he became political writer and state house reporter on the *Capital*, Des Moines. This was the beginning of his active interest in political affairs, for he was known as one of the best politically informed men in the state. Sent to Washington as a correspondent in 1909, two years later he was appointed assistant secretary of the Printing Investigation Commission. Then his Washington career began.

A delegate to the First International Congress of Master Printers, at Gothenburg, Sweden, in 1923, he made a tour of the print shops in Europe and returned with many excellent ideas that have been put into practice. Mr. Carter also attended the meeting of the Master Printers Federation of Great Britain in 1923, and has been invited to the International Printing Exhibition in London this year. As a further indication of the fame of the Government Printing Office in Europe, it was honored for the first time with an invitation to exhibit at the famous International Book Fair in Florence, Italy, to which the Public Printer has forwarded a fine display of Government printing. An honorary life member of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, Mr. Carter keeps in touch with the affairs of this organization. Mr. Carter is likewise a member of the United Typothetae of America, the International Association of Printing House Craftsmen, and the American Institute of

Graphic Arts, in all of which he takes an active interest.

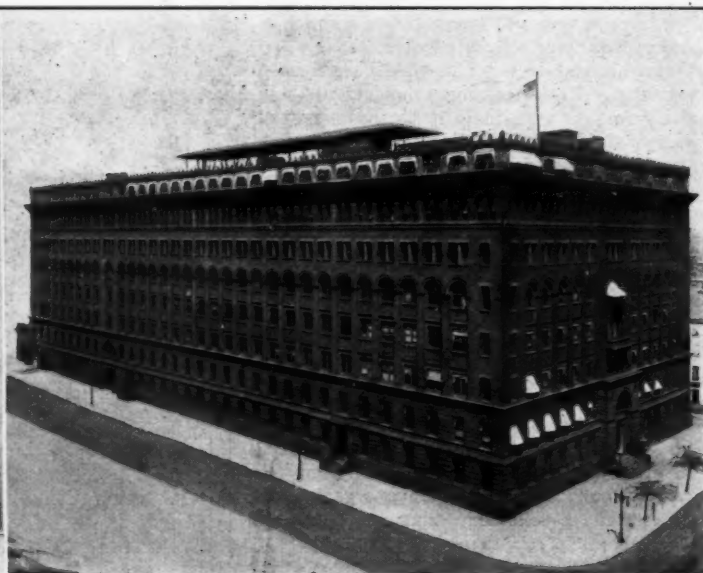
There is a feeling among his employees that George Carter is a real public printer, on the job early and late and is never too busy to consider the interests of every individual on the payroll of the government print shop. It is a far cry from the crude hand press of Benjamin Franklin on which was printed in the infancy of the United States many of the documents that had to do with the making of the nation, to the modern equipment and tremendous production of the government print shop. If there is one thing more than any other connected with the development of America, it has been the print shop.

What a record the product of the government press at Washington reveals. In this shop was put in type the almost sacred and immortal Gettysburg speech of Lincoln. Here first appeared in type the orations of Charles Sumner, Roscoe Conkling and James G. Blaine. What a wealth of history is contained in the old proofs. The old-time printer setting type at the case was required to have the knowledge of the author himself, for in setting the type he had to wade through copy that looked much like modern shorthand. Those were the days of illegible handwriting.

Men working day after day in a dull routine usually cannot fully appreciate the importance of the work they are doing, and have no idea of the historic traditions associated with it. Only when they can see the entire scheme in proper perspective can they realize the immensely important nature of their tasks. However, there is scarcely a workman in the Government Printing Office at Washington who does not realize what his "big chief" is accomplishing in printing circles. The work of George Henry Carter as public printer has reflected great credit to his ambition to make Uncle Sam's print shop famous, not only for production and perfection of equipment, but for a personnel that stands for the very highest and best of loyal public service.



OUR PRINTER-PRESIDENT, WARREN G. HARDING
Locking-up a page of the *Marion Star* in his own printing office. Picture presented to Public Printer Carter by the late President



GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
MAIN BUILDING

The Philosophy of American Salesmanship

Did It Pay?

"Seeing America" from coast to coast by "400" star representatives resulted in a concentrated co-operative selling force, that stimulated the invincible business spirit that wins results and creates trade in many collateral ways

EDITORIAL NOTE

ON the morning of January 25, 1925, three special trains pulled out of the Chicago Northwestern Station in Chicago headed for California. On the rear platform of the observation car of each train was a brilliantly illuminated glass sign reading "National Cash Register, C.P.C. California Special." And on board the train were 400 members of The National Cash Register Company's selling organization—leaders for the year 1924, together with Company officials. That trip cost the Company a great deal of money—it represented an investment that many concerns would have hesitated to make. This Magazine believes that the motives back of it and the results secured would interest every business man. For that reason we have asked Frederick B. Patterson, President of the Company, to write the article which follows.

IN January of this year four hundred National Cash Register sales agents and salesmen, together with forty or more Company officials and department heads, left Chicago in three special trains on a two weeks' journey to California and return. The occasion was the annual educational trip of our Hundred Point salesmen given to them as a reward for securing their quotas of sales for 1924. It cost our company two hundred thousand dollars. The question invariably asked us is—"Did it Pay?" That question I wish to answer.

To any man connected with the management of a business this question is the first to be asked about any important proposition. Unfortunately it is often impossible to answer it in advance. All too frequently things that look good

By FREDERICK B. PATTERSON

on paper do not work out the way they are expected to, and the result is a loss.

In our own business we do a great deal that to the casual observer might seem to have a very remote bearing on the business itself. Yet experience has shown that many of these unusual things have brought us returns far ahead of those secured from regular routine practices.

Business men and others have asked me about our California trip. They wondered whether it really paid to take 400 men out of their territories for two weeks—to send them across the country—and to bear the entire expense of such an undertaking.

In finding an answer to this question it is necessary to understand the underlying reasons for having such a trip. To get these reasons we must go back a number of years to the pioneer

days of the business when my father, John H. Patterson, founder of the Company, began putting into practice some of the original and progressive ideas for which he was noted.

The N. C. R. Company had several exhibits at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. My



Bill Desmond tried his best to make a cowboy out of the President of the National Cash Register Company

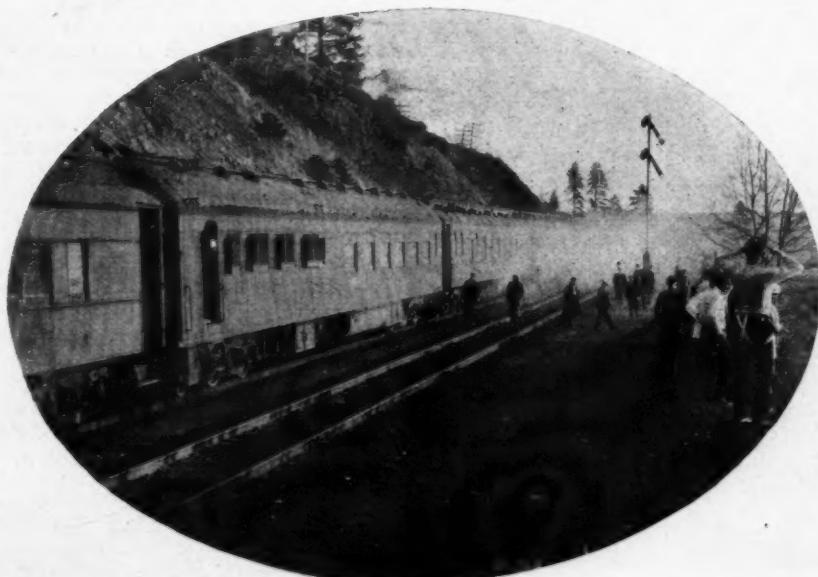
father spent a great deal of time there arranging the booths, training the demonstrators and interviewing visitors. From time to time he sent for heads of departments and their assistants at the factory and had them visit the Fair, all at the Company's expense. He found that this broadened the minds of his employees and gave them a better understanding of their work and of what was required of them. As far back as thirty-two years ago he discovered that "it paid!"

In February, 1896, he sent certain heads of departments to inspect Eastern factories. These men upon their return made complete reports of the things they observed which might be of benefit to their own or other departments.

In 1897 these educational trips were given as a reward or prize to departments at the factory whose work for an allotted period had been unusually good. Such trips were made in February of that year and in August of 1898 and 1899.

Other educational trips, separate from those given as prizes, were made during 1902.

In 1920 approximately five hundred men and women from the Dayton factory were given ten-day educational trips. They were sent out in



Early morning at the American River Canyon

groups of five to ten. The itinerary for each group was arranged to provide contact with manufacturing plants and other institutions which dealt with their own activities. These men and women were in positions of responsibility in which they directed the work of other employees.

The good effects were noticeable in many ways. The work of the individuals in a department improved. Improved methods and machinery were installed as a result of observations made. The men talked about business in terms of other places, other cities. Their horizons had been

widened. Trips to Europe, taken by certain key men, followed.

In 1906 the Hundred Point Club of N. C. R. field representatives was organized. A "point" in our business is a measure of sales. It represents \$25. Any man who secured an average of one hundred points per month for the year automatically became a member of this club. He received certain cash or other prizes and was entertained with the other members at a convention held at the Dayton factory. All of his expenses from the time he left his own territory

until he returned to it, were paid by the Company.

The rules governing membership have since been changed, and today a man must make one hundred per cent of the quota assigned to him. There is a wide variation in quotas depending upon territory, merchant population and other factors. The lowest quota under which a man is eligible is one hundred points per month for the year. The highest quota of any man in the 1924 Hundred Point Club was 6,000 points per month, or 72,000 for the year. Between these two extremes are quotas of varying amounts.

It has always been considered a great honor to be a member of this club. Membership carries with it a marked distinction. Position in it proves achievement. To be a Hundred Pointer every year is the ambition of every agent and salesman. Two of our men have each been Hundred Pointers for sixteen years. Many have qualified ten or more times. At each convention there are many men who are Hundred Pointers for the first time and who have been with the Company a year or less.

The first Hundred Point educational trip to a place outside of Dayton was made in January, 1922. The men were brought to Dayton and after several days spent at the factory were taken in special trains to New York City. A similar trip to New York City was made in 1923.

As a welcome change and also with the definite object of giving the men the thrill and the inspiration which go with a trip "abroad," a sea voyage was the reward for 1923's sales efforts. The occasion was a trip to Bermuda. Because of the size of our party, which consisted of over 500 men, it was necessary to charter the "S. S. Orduna." The party left New York City on Sunday and returned the following Sunday.

Only a very few of those who took this trip had ever visited a foreign country. Many of the men had never even seen an ocean steamship. A limited number had made trips by sea. There was more excitement and a greater thrill in that voyage than had ever been experienced on any Hundred Point trip in the history of our Company.

And now I come to a most important moment—the time when it was necessary for me to give a decision upon the place to be visited on the trip of the Club scheduled for January of this year.

Various places were suggested—Florida, California, Chicago, Dayton, Cuba, and one or two other points. We finally decided that if we did not hold the Convention at Dayton, we would go to California. We knew that it would cost us a huge sum of money, but we also realized that it could be made the greatest educational trip ever taken by a group of salesmen. So we went.

I never have regretted making this decision. And these are my reasons: Comparatively few men have any idea of the size of the United States. They travel in their own section or make occasional business or pleasure trips, but not many have gone from coast to coast. As a rule, the Easterner remains East, the Middle Westerner roams around certain nearby states and only a small proportion of men east of Denver ever get as far west as California.

I wanted our men to stop thinking in terms of their own territories and begin thinking in terms of the Nation. I knew that in order to have them do this they must first see for themselves what a big country we have and how diversified are our resources and industries. I was simply doing on a bigger scale the very thing my father did in the nineties—seeing that the men saw for themselves more of our country and giving them the



The N. C. R. party entering the Royal Gorge, one of the scenic wonders of the trip

opportunity of inspecting other cities and of meeting the people of other states.

If the real worth of the California trip was dependent on nothing more than its value to our men for these things alone, I would not hesitate to call it a success.

The men visited Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and Los Angeles, with side-trips to Pasadena, Hollywood, San Diego and other places. In the larger cities they were welcomed by the Mayor, President of the Chamber of Commerce and the heads of Rotary, Civitan and other commercial organizations. They had full opportunity for visiting the stores and studying the business systems used.

In Los Angeles our resident Sales Agent, Mr. C. U. Whiffen, gave the entire party a dinner at one of the leading hotels. The feature of this dinner was what was termed the "Million Dollar Table," where the heads of fourteen stores sat as Mr. Whiffen's guests. These stores had purchased a total of one million dollars' worth of National Cash Registers.

Inasmuch as the increase in our sales is in direct proportion to our ability to help merchants solve their store keeping problems it was of great interest to us to meet and listen to such a representative group of users.

Pressure of business at Dayton had kept me

from accompanying the party on the trip to the Coast. But as the days ran on and reports came in of the enjoyable and interesting time the men were having, I felt that it was my duty to join

time for the dinner. And he did. But it was fast work.

One full day was spent by our party visiting several of the motion picture studios in Holly-



A little demonstration of the right way to handle a cash sale by Hopi Indian children

the party. I determined to be at Los Angeles for the big dinner if there was any way to make it. I took the train to Chicago and caught one of the California Flyers. But I found I could not make Los Angeles in time. By using the telegraph, however, I secured the friendly co-operation of certain officials and at a station a few hours later an aeroplane was waiting. The pilot guaranteed to land me in Los Angeles in

wood. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were the first to welcome us. Carl Laemmle, of Universal City, had a special entertainment in our honor. The Famous Players Lasky Studios gave us a wonderful time. The men were permitted to inspect every part of these great institutions—a most unusual courtesy. The world's famous screen stars greeted us. We were photographed singly, by squads, in groups and en masse.

The homeward trip from Los Angeles was arranged so that the men would have the opportunity of seeing the Grand Canyon. The day at the Canyon was a fitting climax to the trip. Clouds covered the sky in the morning. In the afternoon the sun shone brightly, bringing out the full beauty of this masterpiece of nature.

The trains left the Grand Canyon that same evening. Stops were made at Albuquerque and Kansas City, where some of the Western and Southern men left to return to their territories. Chicago was reached early Sunday morning. The factory men left for Dayton on special cars arriving in Dayton Sunday evening—thus bringing to a close this great educational trip.

A question that would occur to most anyone is—what effect upon sales did it have, taking four hundred sales agents and salesmen out of their territories for



On the stage of the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio



J. H. PATTERSON

Founder of the National Cash Register Company

two weeks? Well, the answer to this is illuminating and a great tribute to the men who remained in their territories. Business during those two weeks that the Hundred Pointers were away broke all records for any similar period. January's business was the greatest for any January in our history, and the same is true of February.

One-fourth of our sales force away on a trip and the three-fourths remaining on the job doing as much and even more than all of them together had ever done in a similar period. Two cylinders of an eight-cylinder engine out of commission and the remaining six beating all records.

It was a great satisfaction to the officials of our Company to see the esteem in which our men were held by the city officials of the cities we visited. In Denver, they were welcomed in an address by the Secretary of State; in Salt Lake City, by the Governor of Utah and the Mayor; in San Francisco, by the city officials and the heads of civic organizations, and in Los Angeles by the

Mayor and the presidents and heads of the largest industrial concerns.

We were fortunate in finishing this long trip without accidents of a serious nature or sickness among our men. The railroads co-operated with us so that we had the maximum of comfort with the minimum of effort. I never have known of better service than was provided by the railroads in whose care we were. And the hotel managements are entitled to similar praise.

We have never seen greater optimism than on this trip. In the various cities we visited we found a firm belief in the prosperity of the country and the utmost confidence that 1925 will be the most successful business year. On the Pacific Coast this was especially noticeable. Every man, woman and child was a booster. It is no wonder to me that the city of Los Angeles has grown the way it has because of the wonderful faith shown by everybody in the city itself and in its future. The people there radiate optimism. They impart it to others.

As the president of our Company and one of the owners of this business, I am perfectly willing to go on record with the statement that great as was the expense of the trip, involving in addition an amount of work which no one not familiar with it could possibly estimate—the Hundred Point Educational Trip to California was worth all and more than it cost.

It paid the Company and it paid the men.



FREDERICK B. PATTERSON

President of the National Cash Register Company, who Believes that Salesmen should "See America"



The Special Train Leaving for California and the Pacific Coast, Carrying Four Hundred Sales Crusaders of the National Cash Register Company on a Hundred Point Educational Trip

On to Houston—Let's Go!

Ad-Men of the world on way to Houston, Texas, where the associated advertising clubs of the world meet in convention week of May 10 to 14—Texans plan elaborate program of good cheer, fellowship and Southern hospitality

MEMBERS of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, with their friends and guests, are already looking forward to the annual convention of this body, which will meet in Houston, Texas, this year, between the dates of May 10-14. The slogan "On to Houston" is now being heard in all quarters of the globe where advertising men gather.

There are some great surprises in store for the Ad Men, for hardly a place that one visits these days but he finds that the conception of most people regards Texas a wild and woolly country,—but a great treat is in store for them, exemplifying real Texas hospitality. The days of "Davy" Crockett, Colonel Travis, "Deaf" Smith and the other pioneers who blazed the trails before Texas became an independent republic, after their first war with the Mexicans, then known as the "Lone Star State," are greatly changed, for it was these men and their comrades who fought the hordes of the Mexican army of Santa Ana and his Mexican generals, at times fighting against odds of ten to one, culminating in the battles of San Jacinto, Goliad, and the historic Alamo, where, under the leadership of General Sam Houston, they fought their way to victory and independence.

Greater strides have been made in Texas in the past ten years than any place in the world, and Texans have every reason to point with pride to their state, which they call "The" Empire.

The Texans pulled a great stunt at the World's Advertising Convention at London, England, last year, when the five-gallon-hat boys from Texas brought over a shipload of the famous Weatherford watermelons and combined with their rodeo shows, broncho riders, with "Tex" Austin, cowboys and cowgirls, gave the Ad Men a real taste of "the last of the West." Their victory for the convention to visit Texas this year was brought about by the unique stunts they pulled in dear "Old Lunnion," and it was a foregone conclusion, when the convention opened, that Texas had, as the negro says, "walked home with the bacon."

Sons of Texas are now reckoned with in all parts of the world, in the arts, in legal circles, in high financial districts, and as a matter of fact in all walks of life. For instance, who is there along Broadway who does not know the genial "Will" Hogg, son of the beloved Governor Hogg, one of the outstanding figures in Texas history. Then there is W. H. Swenson, chairman of the board of directors of the City National Bank, of New York City, a sturdy son of the pioneer ranchmen of West Texas, with New York's fearless District Attorney, Blanton, another type of Texan who is making his mark; and last but not least, the world's famous sport promoter, "Tex" Rickard, a product of old Texas—prospector, man of the world, chum of Jack London,—Rex Beach and other noted personalities, whose name is well known whenever anything is produced in the line of clean sports. Texas may well

By CHARLES PORTER TINDLEY

be proud of her native sons—to say least, they've made good.

It is all sure that side trips will be in order with the Ad Men when they visit Texas. Houston itself presents a real example of what a live business organization means to a city. M. E. Foster, editor of the *Chronicle*, and E. B. Morton of the Rice Hotel, John Kirby, financier, lumber king, and interested in everything pertaining to progress, make their home in Houston. Another "live wire" is R. S. Sterling and W. S. Parish, of the Humble Oil Company, with Miss Florence Sterling, one of the pioneers of the Humble Company, who is dedicating her life to the less fortunate.

In San Antonio, the "Gem of the Lone Star State," filled with the traditions of Texan independence, home of the sacred Alamo and historic shrines, we meet other real fellows: Editor Grant of the *Express*, Manager Burge, of the Gunter Hotel, Mayor John Tobin, Martin A. Arnold, noted Texas lawyer, W. W. Collier of the City National Bank, Hon. R. W. Creager, and other men who are real Texans; and Edgar B. Davis, discoverer of the great Luling oil fields, president of the United North and South

Oil Company, a former Brockton, Massachusetts, man, is a leader here.

A visit to Mexia, the home of A. Garland Adair, well-known orator and newspaper editor, is worth the trip. Here is an oil boom town that has not been spoiled by the great excitement of boom conditions. The home offices of Colonel Albert E. Humphreys, world famous "wildcatter," Pat Patterson and Jesse McLendon and Linus Tremble, of Rotary fame, and other regular fellows live here.

Then to Corsicana, where the great Magnolia Oil Corporation had its inception some thirty years ago, still in the greatest oil-producing territory in the United States. Here we meet Judge H. B. Daviss, a pioneer boomer, a self-made man, and one of high standing in judicial circles,—who learned his law while driving an ox wagon as a day laborer—and Editor Martin of the *Corsicana Sun*, George T. Jester, banker, of the First State Bank, and Garland Kent, formerly a farmer, now making a great success in oil,—a God-fearing farmer, honest, and faithful to his friends, whom success has not spoiled.

A visit to Dallas, which is now known as the "New York of the South," is a trip that is already anticipated by all the Ad Men. As the native Texans say, "Where the buildings horn the skyline, where the populace is boost, where you never go to bed the same day, where the chickens never roost," skyscrapers are looming on the skyline every day. When you ask a man from Dallas the name of a new building he generally says, "Well, stranger, I don't know. I haven't been in town for a couple of weeks."

At Dallas T. B. Baker, the well-known hotel man, owner of the Gunter Hotel at San Antonio and the Texas at Fort Worth is building the Baker Hotel, the largest in the southwest. Tom Finty of the *Dallas News* and James Blair Harris, a former newspaper man, with Judge Lee P. Pierson will tell you all about Dallas, and at the Adolphus Hotel R. B. Ellefritz will be on the job and Mike Thomas a 33rd Degree Mason the "Cotton King," a regular fellow who leads all Shriners and Masons, over the sands of the desert.

Fort Worth offers many interesting sights for the visitors. A few years ago known as a real cow town, it is practically the gateway to West Texas and the last of the open country—the convention city of Texas. The Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show is the big event of the year. A mammoth Coliseum houses all the big events. These exhibitions are a melting pot of every type of the West; here you find the cowmen in high boots and Stetsons; the oil men, some straight from the fields where the liquid gold flows; the scions of the old southern aristocracy in sombre black; the business man in interesting garb, and everywhere the eye rests on beautiful Texas women. Amon Carter, owner of the Fort Worth *Star Telegram*, and the "Hired Hand" popular radio announcer, is always on



CHARLES PORTER TINDLEY, Boston, Massachusetts, soldier of fortune and journalist, after eight years in Texas, Oklahoma, Mexico, and the Great West, following the trails of Jack London and other noted journalists, tells of the wonderful expansion of the Empire State of the world, a graphic story of the Lone Star State, filled with romance and first-hand facts. This is the first of a series of articles to be published in the "National Magazine" about his travels

Continued on page 368

Giving Boys and Girls a Chance!

Stimulating a thirst for Knowledge and Information is the work of C. Baxter Peyton, a dynamic personality, heading field operations of one of America's constructive forces for Popular Self-made Education

ONE of the most typical and tireless Americans that I met on my trip to the Orient was C. Baxter Peyton, General Field Manager of The Grolier Society of New York. We struck up an acquaintance in short order, and spent much time together. Mr. Peyton carried an amateur motion picture camera purchased in Germany, and he became very popular with fellow-tourists, taking their pictures, rain or shine, in historic environment. In fact, he used the camera as a visiting card, calling on celebrities, making observations on the film and plate, as well as in his note-book.

Sometimes we come to know large organizations through someone connected with them. Although I had heard for many years of The Grolier Society and its record-breaking sales of over one million sets of "The Book of Knowledge" in America, generally endorsed by eminent men and educators, I had never realized that this publication was such an all-pervading factor among the boys and girls in meeting the demand for information current in these swift-moving times.

From the sidelights of conversation here and there en route, I built up, while he was not looking, a biographic sketch of C. Baxter Peyton, this general field manager whom I discovered browsing abroad. First of all, it was evident he was a born salesman. A tall man, with a kind, unflinching eye, his appearance gives evidence of his character, honesty and ability. He has a way of seeing the other person's point of view and finding the vantage point of a common interest. The boy "C. B.," as he was called, was appointed a page in the United States Senate by the late Shelby M. Cullum, of Illinois. The lad, who began his career as a newsboy, now came in contact with the big giants of the Senate. Later he was appointed by the Commissioners of the District of Columbia as a member of the Metropolitan Police Department, being detailed during the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations for special service at Congressional, Army and Navy, Diplomatic and other important functions at the White House. In those years he was presented by many celebrities with autographed photographs, and he has accumulated a rare and interesting photographic collection. It was his association with eminent men in those days that taught him how to go after things worth while—but first of all he made sure that they were really worth while.

Fourteen years ago C. Baxter Peyton joined the forces of The Grolier Society of New York. He had already proved a "go-getter," and not only sold books, but inspired and taught others to make the work of meeting and mingling with people a branch of their education. Intensely interested in children, he understands them. The startling announcement that an uneducated child has only about one chance out of 150,000 impressed him. Further investigation revealed that grammar school children have their chances increased to four out of 150,000, while completing



C. BAXTER PEYTON, General Field Manager, The Grolier Society, New York, N. Y.

a high school education raises the proportion to eighty-seven. This ratio is increased ten-fold for those having a college education, in which case eight hundred young people out of every 150,000

with diplomas are registered as having a real place on the ladder of success. The disclosures at the cantonments when soldiers were being mobilized for the World War were astounding.

This was the basis of Mr. Peyton's enthusiasm in the work that is giving children a real desire for education. Evidence accumulated like a tidal wave in letters from all parts of the country as to what the books he distributed have done for the boys and girls. Hunger for information was there to be developed, and Baxter Peyton was ready to talk to schools, parent-teacher's associations, boards of education and women's clubs, and with them battle the spectre of illiteracy. Reports show that in one state those who fall behind in their grades in school cost an unnecessary several million dollars a year. Children who do not seem to have the proper encouragement at home, or who do not have the enthusiasm to go forward with their work, are handicapped. Parents who surround their children with good books are co-operating with the teachers and are providing the home help every child needs.

Statistics show that there are more than four million boys and girls, five to eighteen years old, who are not in school any part of the year. This is regarded as a national menace.

In one of his addresses Mr. Peyton pointed out that seventy-one per cent of all the criminals now confined in institutions in the United States are of juvenile age, and these have not had the proper early training.

Mr. Peyton has provided many exhibits at various expositions, and his campaigns have spanned the continent. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition,

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C. B. PEYTON, General Field Manager The Grolier Society, New York, with his automobile decorated with white carnations and purple bunting, in floral parade, Los Angeles, California, 1920, appearing before five hundred thousand people and awarded special prize. The boy is Lieutenant Robert Philpot, the youngest commissioned officer in America, appointed at the age of ten by Governor Stephens of California, having read twenty volumes of the Book of Knowledge

The President's New Secretary

Something about the personality, attainments and accomplishments of the man who has recently assumed this very exacting and highly important post as assistant to the Chief Executive

WHEN the reins of power and influence of the office of Secretary to the President of the United States was surrendered by C. Bascom Slemp to the brilliant Representative in Congress from the Terre Haute district of Indiana, Mr. Everett Sanders, they passed to a no less astute political leader than had held them since the present Republican executive assumed office. A lawyer of established ability, an orator proven in debate in the House of Representatives during a tenure in office that extended through the World War period and the reconstruction period, with its exactions, and trying on the intelligence and endurance of men in public office; a political sagacity that was wrought in the turbulent days and upheavals in his native state, Mr. Sanders has stood as a tower of strength to his party in Congress in combatting the drift towards socialism and paternalism that threatened the country.

Everett Sanders came from the rural districts of the Middle West and brought with him a rugged fearlessness that has made itself felt in the halls of Congress and the councils of his party. He was born near Coalmont, Indiana, on March 8, 1882, the son of Rev. James Sanders, a missionary Baptist minister, whose religious faith he now adheres to. His mother, before her marriage, was Miss Melissa Everal, and she first taught her son in the ways of right living as the surest road to success in life. He attended the country schools, and in 1900 entered the Indiana State Normal school, where he spent two years preparing himself as a teacher, which profession, like so many other young men who succeed in life, was entered upon at the completion of this training. He taught for three years, but was not satisfied with his choice of occupation, and having saved his salary, entered the University of Indiana in the study of law and graduated in the class of 1907 with the degree of LL.B. In June of this same year he was admitted to the bar and set up in the practice of law in Terre Haute as a member of the firm of McNutt, Wallace, Sanders & Randel, which had already succeeded to an established business. For nine years he was engaged in his chosen vocation and his reputation had begun to grow beyond the borders of his own state, when the call of politics beckoned to him. For years the Terre Haute, or Fifth District of Indiana, had been conceded to be a Democratic district, represented by Ralph Moss, and the Republican nomination had been handed around to some local Republican leader in each campaign only for the distinction it brought to him and to hold the party in order. In 1916, while John W. Kern was the Democratic leader in the United States Senate and the titular Democratic leader in the State of Indiana likewise, there seemed little hope for the Republicans to carry the Terre Haute district. Moss was renominated, but a peculiar turn came in the campaign when the Socialists prevailed on Eugene Debs and secured his acceptance of the

Socialist nomination for Congress from the district. Sanders accepted the Republican nomination and in the election Debs polled about 12,000 votes, most of them coming from the Democrats, and Sanders had a walk-away in the race. During this campaign Sanders showed his ability and aptitude as a stump orator, so that when he entered upon his Congressional duties in 1917 he was readily in demand for a good committee berth. He had his preference given him in service as a member of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, and as the United States was then entering the World War, his chances for service and to demonstrate his worth were multiplied. The government was to take over the vast transportation systems of the country as a war emergency, and this problem had already reached Congress; legislation was brought forward, discussed and adopted, and the country entered upon an era of government transportation activities, the equal of which no nation had ever embarked upon. In the discussion of these great problems Mr. Sanders soon emerged as a debater who could hold his own with the veterans of the House. The Democrats were in con-

trol of Congress and his party's fight, therefore, was an uphill one. In the Wilson policies of the war Sanders acquiesced, but when the war was ended and the reconstruction policies were presented, he took sharp issue with the administration. One of his notable speeches in Congress was delivered September 24, 1919, on "Restoring to the Interstate Commerce Commission Jurisdiction over Railroad Rates," in which he stated his views in the following terse paragraph: "But the war is over now. We must have Federal control because we have not yet had the opportunity to enact the legislation that is necessary before Federal control terminates and before the railroads are returned to their owners for private operation. Now, during this time there is every reason in the world why this power should again be restored to the Interstate Commerce Commission to suspend rates so that the shippers who directly come in contact with the question, who really represent the consuming public of 110,000,000 people, may have their day in court and the opportunity to show that proposed rates are inequitable and that proposed rates in particular instances are too high."

Again, in the House on November 11, 1919, and on January 27, 1920, Mr. Sanders spoke on "The Plumb Plan and the Bryan Plan for Solving the Railroad Problem." Of William Jennings Bryan's hand in the railroad problem Mr. Sanders, in this latter speech, said: "Now, when the man speaks who said 'coo' to one Democratic National Convention and thereby defeated all the other aspirants and nominated himself for the Presidency, and who said 'boo' to another Democratic National Convention and thereby defeated one of the greatest Democratic statesmen of the last quarter of a century and nominated a man who almost fastened international socialism upon the country, it is high time the country knew about his paramount issue." Champ Clark, of whom Mr. Sanders referred here as being defeated by Bryan, was speaker of the House, and Wilson, to whom he also indirectly referred, was the President of the United States, and Bryan had wrought the wonder in the Baltimore convention when Wilson was nominated.

Another notable speech of Mr. Sanders in the House was made on June 1, 1920, on "Government Operation of Railroads," in which he again stated his views as follows: "All the inherent evils of government ownership and paternalistic legislation accompanied governmental operation of railroads, and these evils not only crippled the railroad service, but reached out into every other governmental activity. The vast additional expense of government operation is frequently cited as proof of the error in taking over the railroads. It must be remembered, however, that the real purpose of taking over the transportation facilities was to permit their unhindered and unrestricted use as a part of the machinery of war, and if this purpose was better



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EVERETT SANDERS
[Secretary to the President]

served than it could have been under private operation without accompanying evils that outweighed the benefits, the course was, of course, justified." He defended the function of the Interstate Commerce Commission in fixing rates on a fair valuation of the railroads.

Defending his native state in an address delivered before the Indiana Society of New York on December 12, 1922, Mr. Sanders paid "Hoosierdom" this glowing tribute: "We meet here tonight as Hoosiers to let our memories dwell on the Wabash and the Ohio, whose waters have been made immortal in verse and song. Wherever we shall go, whate'er may betide, we shall carry with us the Indiana spirit."

"The Truth about the Railroads" was another telling speech delivered in Congress by Mr. Sanders on September 20, 1922, in which he defended the transportation act as follows: "The transportation act has weathered two and one-half years of the most trying days of readjustment, and in spite of business depression it has so sustained railroad credit as to prevent the financial disaster which would have resulted if railroad failures and receiverships had occurred. The railroads, as an instrumentality for transportation, have been preserved and improved. The net earnings are moving upward as the operating costs are being lowered."

It was in the House of Representatives on

February 23, 1923, that Mr. Sanders made his most notable address on "Private Property on Land belonging to Enemy Nationals should not be Confiscated," in which he laid down his doctrine in the following excerpt: "The question is, Shall those of us who believe so firmly in the sacred rights of property here, regardless of whether it belongs to our own people or others, amend this bill and propose to give it all back, send the measure to the other body to die, thus losing the opportunity of turning back 92 per cent in number of these trusts, or shall we support the bill in its present form and embrace that opportunity? I say it is a practical proposition and that the men who belong to the majority, who have the responsibility of legislation, must face the situation as it is, and those of us who believe that it all ought to be returned, with the opportunity confronting us to turn 92 per cent in number back, must take advantage of that opportunity." And of the policy of the government he said: "We declared war because other nations destroyed the lives and property of American citizens in violation of international law. In the prosecution of that war we poured out our treasure and the life-blood of our sons. It was not in vain. The world in the centuries to come will remember we were not too proud to fight and will know that we shall not count the cost when confronted with like violations of our sacred

rights. Our cost to date in treasure is about \$30,000,000,000, and our cost in life is over 75,000 souls. Shall we, in the aftermath and as a part of that great world tragedy, for a few paltry millions pursue a course which is inconsistent with our national honor and self-respect?"

Mr. Sanders was consecutively elected to Congress from 1916 to 1924, when he declined to stand for renomination, having announced his intention of returning to the practice of law. His name was brought forward in the preconvention period in 1924 for Republican nominee for vice-president, but he did not press it, although a large number of delegates had promised him their support and the Indiana state delegation was solidly behind him. He, instead of allowing his own name to go before the convention, threw his weight to Senator James E. Watson, of his state, and sought to accomplish his nomination for that office.

When, at the close of the campaign, it was announced that Secretary Slep was to retire as Secretary to President Coolidge, there was immediately talk of Mr. Sanders for the post, and soon his acceptance of the office was announced.

Mr. Sanders married Miss Ella Neal of Jasonville, Indiana, on December 13, 1903. In Washington they have made their home at the Bedford Apartments.



On to Houston—Let's Go!

Continued from page 365

the job to take care of the newspaper and Ad Men.

But we could never leave Texas without making a trip to Austin, the capital, to call on Governor "Ma" Ferguson, the first duly elected woman governor in the world, and visit Editor Marsh of the *Austin American*. Here you will find a woman who has not been spoiled by success, the same Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson as she was when she served tea and lunches to visiting friends at Temple and her Bell County ranch. Ex-Governor, "Farmer Jim" Ferguson will be there to greet you. Then you will know why Senator Morris Sheppard, in his great speech at Washington said, "I am from the state of Texas, the state where men are real men, but—the women are Governors."

Texas occupies all the continent of North America except the small part set aside for the United States and Canada. Texas owns the north of the Rio Grande, the only dusty river in the world, and also, with the possible exception of the Trinity, the only river that is navigable for mud cats and pedestrians.

Texas is bounded on the north by twenty-five or thirty states, on the east by all the oceans except the Pacific, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico and South America, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean, the Milky Way and the rest of the universe. If Texas were chopped off loose from the rest of the United States at the Panhandle, it would float out into the ocean, as

it rests upon a vast subterranean sea of fresh water and oil. Texas is so big that the people of Brownsville call the Dallas people Yankees, and citizens of El Paso sneer at the people of Texarkana, Texas, and call them big snobs from the effete East. It is one hundred and fifty miles farther from El Paso, Texas, to Texarkana, Texas, than it is from Chicago to New York City. Fort Worth is nearer St. Paul, Minnesota, than it is to Brownsville. The chief occupation of the people of Texas is trying to keep from making all the money in the world. The chief pursuit of the people of Texas was formerly Mexicans, but now it is land buyers, steers and crop records. Without Texas the United States would look like a three-legged Boston terrier.

Texans are so proud of Texas that they cannot sleep at night. If a Texan's head should be opened, the map of Texas would be found photographed on his brain. This is also true of his heart. Unless your front gate is at least eighteen miles from your front door, you do not belong to society as constituted in Texas. Mrs. King's gate is one hundred and fifty miles from her front door, but she is thinking of moving her house back so that she will not be annoyed by passing automobiles and pedlers. Other Texan landholders have whole mountain ranges and rivers on their ranches. One Texas farmer has forty miles of navigable river on his farm. If the proportion of cultivated land in Texas were

the same as in Illinois, the value of Texas crops would equal that of the other forty-seven states.

Texas has enough land to supply every man, woman and child in the world with a tract five by twenty feet and have enough left over for the armies of the world to march around the border five abreast. Texas grows so much alfalfa that if it were baled and built into a stairway it would reach to the Pearly Gates. If all the hogs in Texas were one hog he would be able to dig the Panama Canal in three roots. If all the Texas steers were one steer, he would stand with his front feet in the Gulf of Mexico, one hind foot in the Hudson Bay, the other in the Arctic Ocean, and with his horns punch holes in the moon, and with his tail brush off the mist from the aurora borealis.

If all the cotton raised in Texas annually were made into one mattress, all the people of the world could take a nap at the same time. Texas is rightly named "the Garden of the Lord."

Then back to Houston and home, to realize what the cowboy poet had in mind when he wrote: "We're down here in old Texas, where you never have the blues, where the bandits steal the jitneys, and the hi-jackers steal the booze; where the bull dogs all have rabies, and the rabbits have the fleas, where the big girls like the 'wee ones,' wear their dresses to their knees." Home again, with memories of just what real Texas hospitality means.

Sending Pictures by Wire and Radio

Latest marvel of science does for the camera what the microphone of the radio does for the human voice. One more dream of the "impossible" becomes an everyday fact

FOUR years ago when President Harding was inaugurated, the world was startled by the announcement that his voice was heard in every part of the United States. The speech was picked up by the sensitive microphone into which he spoke and was transmitted from broadcasting station to broadcasting station over direct telephone wires. Marc Antony's classic plea to the citizens of his country to lend him their ears had been answered, and in this case millions of people willingly gave their attention to the inaugural address of the President. This was, indeed, a triumph in sound transmission.

The period of time between that inauguration and the present has been replete with startling and epoch-making events. When Calvin Coolidge, the disciple of "Law and Order," was inaugurated on March 4, 1925, his voice was heard by at least twenty-five millions of people. But that was not all. His very image, as he stood with hand uplifted, taking the oath administered by Chief Justice Taft, was transmitted simultaneously to San Francisco, Chicago, and New York. Sight has followed the progress of sound in this meteoric achievement of transmission of pictures.

A marvelous thing about this new invention is the fact that, according to the engineers who devised the process, pictures may be sent either by wire or by radio. Thus the eye of the camera is keeping pace with the microphone of the radio. The inauguration and the publication of the pictures of the scene the same day in a half dozen cities demonstrated beyond all doubt the capabilities of this new system of picture transmission over transcontinental distances.

It is an interesting fact that the photos were transmitted by two separate and distinct systems invented almost coincidentally and that in each case the result was remarkably successful.

Nine cities linked together in a picture-leased wire service received the photographs sent by the Atlantic and Pacific Photos, Inc., while New York, Chicago, and San Francisco were supplied by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Five different pictures were sent by "Telepix," while nine views were transmitted by the A. T. and T. Both companies declared the pictures a commercial success and labeled this as the "picture age" in newspaper history.

The average time required for the transmission of a picture as sent by the A. T. and T. Company was about seven minutes. As sent by Telepix it is about an hour to an hour and a quarter.

Telepix pictures differed from those sent by the A. T. and T. in that the receiving machine was installed in the various newspaper offices, while the telephone company's pictures were distributed from its offices in the three cities to which service was furnished.

Telepix pictures are sent in broad daylight and the picture is visible while being transmitted. Furthermore, it is not necessary to wait for the development of a film to see the

result. In case of error, correction can be made during the process. By simply throwing a switch, a Telepix machine can be used either for sending or receiving.



VIVID as a half tone made from an original photograph print is the above picture of President Coolidge on his way to his inauguration, although the picture was transmitted over telephone wires from Washington to New York. Refinements made in the wire picture process since the Republican Convention in Cleveland in June renders the transmission virtually perfect



THE ABOVE WIRE PICTURE of Convention Hall, Cleveland, where the Republican party nominated President Coolidge last June, is an example of the earlier wire picture process. The blurred vertical lines have been eliminated by the new method

The method of receiving of A. T. and T. pictures has been considerably improved since the last experiment. At that time pictures were composed of vertical lines of varying thickness, and were not as suitable as they might be for reproduction in newspapers. On this occasion, instead of using an apparatus which traced lines of varying thickness by a "light pencil" on the film, they employed a method of varying the intensity of the light. Though the picture is still laid down in lines at the rate of one hundred to an inch, they meet almost perfectly and the effect of the striping is eliminated.

I shall never forget the thrill I experienced while looking upon that epoch-making scene in Washington when I realized that my eyes and the cameras in front of the great throng gathered on the Capitol grounds were gazing upon a scene that, in a short time, would be visible to friends in San Francisco. I thought of Abraham Lincoln as he stood upon that very spot where Calvin Coolidge was delivering his message. What would not the world give to have had a photo-transmitting machine working at that time!

Representatives from all the nations of the earth were assembled before the stand that day and their pictures, with that of the Supreme Court, members of Congress, the Senate and the House were flashed before the view of millions of people thousands of miles away. The systems have been worked upon and developed over a

long period of time. That developed in the Bell System engineers is the outcome of a series of experiments covering several years. It provides a simple, rapid, and accurate photographic trans-

drawing, too, can be transmitted with fidelity. The films were transmitted while still wet, eliminating any delay caused by drying or making special plates. It was rolled up in cylindrical form and inserted in the transmitter. During operation a very small and intense beam of light shines through the film on to a photo-electric cell within. The film is rotated at a uniform speed and by means of a screw mechanism advances parallel to the axis of the cylinder. The motion of the light relative to the cylinder is exactly the same as that of a phonograph needle on a cylinder record. Consequently, each minute portion of the picture in turn effects the intensity of the light reaching the photo-electric cell, and this variation in the amount of light striking the sensitive surface of the cell generates a current, which, through the agency of a vacuum tube amplifier and modulator, controls the magic current flowing through the

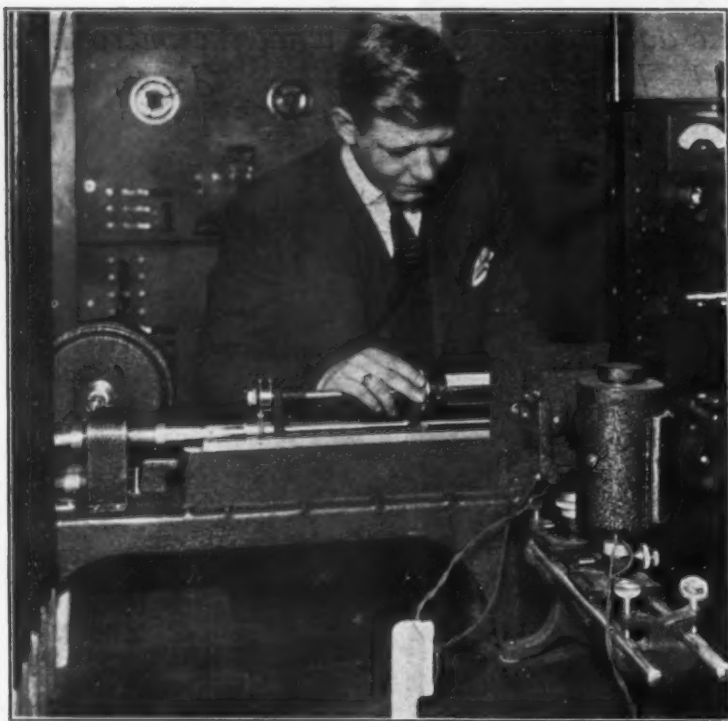
sion of pictures and any kind of graphical matter by radio means when atmospheric conditions are such as to give steadiness of transmission and freedom from interference.

As in radio broadcasting, perfection is obtained by the use of wire which concentrates seemingly, the light or sound in transmission. In the office of President Gifford I saw the letters and telegrams pouring in from all parts of the country. Hard-headed, practical business men, telephone and telegraph engineers, whose nerves are not apt to be disturbed by earthquakes or cyclones, were sending in telegrams replete with adjectives and expressions of superlative joy.

From San Francisco came the word "superb." Every sound, every word, came though perfectly and the concert of the Marine Band proved a treat indeed. In Oakland it was called "the best transcontinental service ever given." Kansas City reported very little hum on the wire and insisted that the transmission was extremely good. Denver used the word "wonderful." Los Angeles didn't forget California's pet word "unusual," and called it "miraculous." Pittsburgh was less laconic, but just as enthusiastic, and declared that the service "came through great." Minneapolis reported an audience of nearly a million fans and said that the speech was heard by 200,000 school children in the rooms and that the State Legislature adjourned, and that every hall, church, and theatre was filled to capacity by people who were listening in on the radio. In fact, it was reported that business was suspended while the wonders "that God hath wrought" were being given to the people of the wires. From Hartford, Boston, and New England came reports that no other event had ever been enjoyed by so many people at one time as the inauguration of President Coolidge, who was seen and heard within a few minutes by the home folks.

The cycle of a century had elapsed since a New England President was inaugurated, and it was fitting that an invention that came out of New England should celebrate the induction into office of the first New England President since John Quincy Adams and the first President born in Vermont, the first commonwealth to be admitted to the Union of the thirteen original states.

The nation, this day, was knit together by wires of copper, emblematic of a citizenship bound together with friendship's "strongest hoops of steel" in the bonds of a comradeship in which every individual saw and heard and became a component part of the government under which he lived.



ABOVE IS THE MARVELOUS MACHINE perfected by American Telephone & Telegraph Company engineers, which transmits pictures by wire with all the clearness of an original photographic print. At the operator's hand is the rotating cylinder upon which a film is wrapped. A light beam of varying intensity passes through the film, is changed into a varying electric current and transmitted over telephone wires to a receiving machine of the same construction hundreds or thousands of miles away. The machines can be adapted to either sending or receiving

mission system which represents the association of many recent inventions by telephone engineers with standard types of telephones and telegraphic apparatus readapted to the new use.

The genius of Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, and Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, were on this day jointly and severally glorified in electric transmission. The simplicity of it all was startling, for a positive, transparent film, 5 x 7, after transmission, was in such form as to be indistinguishable from an ordinary photograph and ready for newspaper or other reproduction. Line

telephone wire. That is all there is to the sending process, but at the receiving end there was an unexposed photographic film being rotated under a beam of light in the same manner as that at the transmitting end. The two films, however, rotate at exactly the same speed and the impulses, started from the photo-electric cell by the beam of light at the sending end, control, by means of a new device known as "a light valve," the amount of light reaching the film at the receiving end.

The same process, as has been demonstrated in previous tests, can be applied to the transmis-

Giving Boys and Girls a Chance!

Continued from page 366

where he conducted an exhibit for nine months, "The Book of Knowledge" was awarded the gold medal and medal of honor for educational merit.

He attends every possible gathering, whether it be an Elk's reunion or a Moose Convention, but he is at his best while attending a National Education Association Convention, meeting teachers and superintendents, those who are doing effective work in education. These people long ago discovered that everything that aids the young folks in their quest for information is an important factor in education.

Addressing ten thousand teachers at the Missouri State Teachers' Convention never phased

C. Baxter Peyton. He is as much at home in such a gathering as if he were addressing the lady of the house in the early days and convincing her that his books were what her children needed to lay a foundation for character-building. Visiting thousands of homes from the Mexican border to the Canadian line and covering cities from coast to coast, he insisted that the universal and dominating desire of every mother should be to provide an education for her children.

When a replica of the "Home Sweet Home" cottage of John Howard Payne at Easthampton, Long Island, was built by the Federation of Women's Clubs in Washington, D. C., Mr. Pey-

ton was present when President Harding at his last official function, June 4, 1923, dedicated this building, it is not surprising that Mr. Peyton added to a library of books for this model home.

Having met eight Presidents of the United States and members of as many different cabinets, Senators, Congressmen and Governors, and having received from them the highest endorsements for his books, he naturally takes pride in the scope of his activities.

Mr. Peyton was one of the honored guests at the recent dinner given by the White House Correspondents' Association at The Mayflower Hotel in Washington to President Coolidge and

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TICKLING *the* NATION

*Humor—best ORIGINATED during "bright college years,"
but best APPRECIATED in the years that follow*



SWEDE HUMOR

An autoist, in great distress,
Was mopping his bald head
Before a ranch-house. "Have you got
A monkey-wrench?" he said.

The rancher tall, from Sweden's shore,
Did open wide his eyes—
"She bane a cow-ranch," answered he,
In disgusted surprise.

—Lehigh Burr.

EUREKA!

Diogenes (meeting Athenian College
Freshman)—Well, Jack, whaddya know?
A. c. f.—Oh, nothing much.
And Diogenes blew out his lantern and
went home to bed.

—Purple Parrot.

First Stude—Isn't it funny people say a
flapper's hair is short and a cake-eater's long.
Second—And they are both the same
length.

First Stude—That's what I call hair-
splitting."

—Pitt Panther.

EXTRA!

Dressed in her father's trousers,
A silly maid one day
Went and eloped with a fellow;
What will the papers say?

Read then the startling headline
(Such are the whims of chance)
That sprang next day from the presses,
"FLEES IN PAPA'S PANTS."

—Dodo.

Hobs—Where are you from, old fellow?

Nobs—England.

Hobs—You speak good English for a for-
eigner.

—Green Gander.

A HINT FOR THE THIN

JUMP OUT THE ATTIC WINDOW AND YOU'LL
COME DOWN PLUMP.

—Jack-o-lantern.

POOR FORM

Lady (to country storekeeper)—Have you
anything in the shape of wash boards?

Storekeeper—Nothing but spareribs,
ma'am.

—Pitt Panther.

Statistician—Does the government suit you?
Farmer—Pretty well, but I'd like to see more
rain.

—Jack-o-lantern.

THE BREAKFAST HOUR

By a Hasher—Apologies to Longfellow

Between the dark and the daylight,
As the day is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the co-ed's slumber
Which is known as the breakfast hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
Windows go bang on the sill,
Doors slamming with clatter and racket
And voices sleepy but shrill!

In my kitchen I see from the doorway,
Descending the board hall stair,
Grave Alice, in bedroom slippers,
And Edith with uncombed hair.

There is Grace, in a faded apron,
Length—barely to her knees,
And Mary in ragged coat sweater,
Does the poor girl think she'll freeze?

"Good-morning," and then dead silence,
And I know from their sleepy eyes
That girls can eat in a stupor,
And that "first hour" cracks won't be wise.

Do you think, fair blue-eyed co-ed,
So beautiful on a dance floor,
Your fusser would be so enraptured
Were you seen from the hasher's door?

—Colorado Dodo.

She—So you were at the wedding. Did you
give the bride away?

He—No, but I could have.

—Jack-o-lantern.

THE HORRID THING

First Sorority Girl—Did Jerry act nasty
when you gave him back his pin?

Second Ditto—I should say he did! The
horrid thing took out his nail file and
scratched a cross on the back of the pin.

First S. G.—Well, what's that to you?

Second S. G.—Why, there were four
crosses there already.

—The Green Gander.

In teaching the rising generation the his-
tory of Ruth, the gleaner, it is important
to dis-associate the young mind from Ruth
of home run fame.

The Houghton Line.

"How do you like your new roommate?"

"Oh, he's all right, but he's got a lunch-
wagon mouth."

"Lunch-wagon mouth?"

"Uh huh—open all night."

—The Brown Jug.

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR IS A GUY WHO CAN
TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THE FIFTH EGYPTIAN
DYNASTY, BUT FORGETS WHERE HE LEFT
HIS UMBRELLA.

—Jack-o-lantern.

SIDE BURNS, TOO
Little Bobby Burns
Sat on a stove—
Little Bobby Burns.

Little Bobby Burns
Didn't go to heaven—
Little Bobby Burns.

—The Green Gander.

Prof. of Astronomy—That star is Venus;
it was named after a very beautiful woman.
Small voice in rear—Was that the star the
Wise Men followed?

—Pitt Panther.

"Just think, three thousand seals were used
to make fur coats last year."

"Isn't it wonderful that they can train ani-
mals to do such work!"

—Juggler.

Beal—How did my son carry on the busi-
ness while I was gone?

Clerk—Oh, he carried on all right, but he
forgot the business.

—Jack-o-lantern.

Two little coons on the bridge a sittin',
Two little bones back and forth a flittin'.
A hole in the board where a knot was missin',
Par-a-dice lost.

—The Green Gander.

RESOUNDING

Mother—I'm surprised at you! I heard
him kiss you twice!

Daughter—Nonsesne. Mother! That must
have been the echo!

—Jack-o-lantern.

Knowing what everybody else thinks about
us makes life more interesting; not knowing
it makes life more enjoyable.

—The Brown Jug.

Someone played a dirty trick on the widow
Jenkins.

Zasso!

Yes, they turned out the lights in the
church at her third wedding, and they gave
her the laugh because she found her way to
the altar alone.

—Jack-o-lantern.

Two Careers *are* Every Man's Right

Not all men, however, are able to attain their vision—and but few of them succeed in reaching the final goal of their ambition, as this dreamer has done

By ADA PATTERSON

EVERY man has a right to two careers, the one he must follow and the one he wants to adopt.

Martin Beck elucidated the theory to me in the splendid stone house he has built with part of the ten million dollars he has made as a vaudeville magnate. Mr. Beck hates vaudeville. But he served it and it served him for twenty-seven years, that he might be free to do what he wants to do. He is doing it in building a theatre jewel-like in its beauty, one that critics have said is the most beautiful in the world, where operas and dramas are produced, and in constructing another to be called the Theatre Intime, in which he will produce plays of an intimate character.

"I have walked the streets of New York hungry," said Mr. Beck in his home that within is like a baronial castle, at 13 East Sixty-seventh Street. "But my dreams walked with me. I love beauty. I wanted to do beautiful things. But I realized that I could not do them at once. I needed security. That sense of security must be the bridge on which I should cross to the things I wanted to do. That was thirty years ago. I was a poor young actor. I had carried a spear in provincial companies in my native Hungary. I was fired by what I had heard of the land of opportunity. I came to this country as other ambitious young immigrants have come. I got an engagement as utility man at the Irving Place Theatre. Chevalier Heinrich Conreid was the director of the theatre. Afterwards he became director of the Metropolitan Opera House.

"I earned, according to the part I played, four dollars to twelve dollars a week. The bill was frequently changed. It was not unusual for Chevalier Conreid to make four productions a week. I have often played four parts in a week.

"Hard days! I was not occasionally, but usually hungry. My trousers were as often finished with fringe as with a well functioning hem. I thought of beautiful playhouses and beautiful plays. The vision was always with me. But to make it a reality I knew I must earn more money than I could earn as an actor. In the summer I worked at anything I could. It was about the play house, for I was always hanging about the theatre. I loved it. I got a job fixing up the freaks at the Eden Museum. I put the beard on the bearded lady. Fact. And I worked with Paine's fireworks. At Aurora, Illinois, I was employed in the hold of the ship *Kearsarge*. My job was to keep the ship moving and to set off the fireworks.

"One night it rained. The audience went home. I kept on moving the ship about and exploding fireworks for three hours. No one remembered to tell me to suspend activities. It was no one's business to keep the stoker informed of meteorological conditions.

"I was playing with a barnstorming company in St. Louis when the company stranded. I undertook to get the company out of hock.

Formally speaking, I assumed the management. I took the company to Kansas City and Omaha and other towns and got it back to New York. We arrived in a solvent state. Light was tingeing the edge of my darkness. I perceived the first plank in the bridge of security. I could manage.

"In minor capacities I became part of the Orpheum circuit. Then its president. I was twenty-nine when I went into vaudeville. I was with it for twenty-seven years. But I would

rather not talk about it. I never look back. I draw what wisdom I can from experience, but the past does not live for me. I cast it, where it belongs, on the rubbish heap."

Martin Beck built as well as managed theatres. Sixty of them. Further than that he has not tried to count. One was the poem in white stone and marble and red velvet, that became Keith's Palace Theatre. He remodelled many and bought others. He booked thousands of vaudeville acts. All through the more than a quarter century as an executive of the Orpheum, dreams of greater beauty haunted him.

Marion Morgan, while directing her dancers on his circuit, talked to me about the great man of the Orpheum at whose name time seeking vaudevillians trembled.

"He is a strange man," she said. "He is stern. He speaks his mind and to the listeners it is not always a pleasant mind. But I never knew anyone who had such an admiration, a sheer reverence, for beauty in art."

He left vaudeville when through it he became a multi-millionaire. It had enabled him to achieve three aims. He could build a home as he desired, of the space and the substantial beauty of one he had viewed in a castle built high on the rocks in Hungary. He could build a theatre. The Martin Beck Theatre in white stone at 207 West Forty-fifth Street opened last month with an operetta. The third aim was to build a mausoleum.

"It is not a new idea," he said, smiling across his library table. "The Greeks did it. Mine is at Cypress Hills on Long Island. My home houses my heart. My theatre my spirit. My mausoleum will some day be my place of rest, a final rest, as I believe, for both."

Out of his experience with gnawing hunger, with tormenting ambition, with two- and three-day artists and offerings, Mr. Beck distilled a philosophy. It received its impetus from Sonnenthal. The actor who was Germany's Sir Henry Irving heard the dark-haired, compactly-built youth floundering through a marsh of untruths in the effort to impress a manager with his experience, that the manager would engage him.

"My boy," said the tragedian, "in art as in life there is but one working motto, '*Semper verum*.'"

The lad hastened to a Latin dictionary. Hot blushes stained his cheek while he read, "Always true or always the truth."

"I never told another lie," he said, his hand assaulting the shining mahogany of his library table. "I adopted the motto. I recommend it for every one. It is, as the great Sonnenthal said, a good working motto. There is none better."

"I will show you that it is so by telling you of Sarah Bernhardt. I wanted a new act and a big name. I was in Europe seeking them. I met Bernhardt. I told her I would like her to come to America to tour the Orpheum circuit.



MMARTIN BECK came to America, an ambitious immigrant from Hungary, poor in pocket but rich in ideas—with all the flaming worship of beauty inherent in the artistic traditions of his country ablaze in his soul. He had some years of poverty and bitter toil, then more years of amazing material success. Now, with all the money he needs at his command, he is transforming his dreams of beauty into visible form

She said she liked America and would like to pay it another visit. We agreed upon terms. The matter was practically settled. She invited me to dine at her home next day.

"I was congratulating myself upon a fortunate *coup* when a thought chilled me. 'She does not know that to fulfill the contract she will have to play twice a day. If she does know it, she may throw up the contract.' I knew that I ought to tell her, yet I would rather have hanged by the nearest bridge across the Seine until I was dead. I went to her home. She received me graciously and presented me to six or eight friends. She placed me beside her at the table. I twisted in my chair. I cleared my throat. I lifted my napkin and laid it down again.

"Madame the Divine," I said chokingly, 'I have wondered whether you know that in the vaudeville houses in America artists play twice a day and'—ghostly fingers seemed to be trying to strangle me—"Sundays." I gulped the words, but the alert brain heard and registered.

"She shrugged her shoulders and smiled. 'Chère amie,' she said, 'what does it matter? I am always at the theatre. It is of no importance.'

"I had been tempted to lie. Or rather to leave the truth unuttered. Had I done either and she had come to America unaware and discovered a trick, what would she have done? What an anti-climax to Sarah Bernhardt's much-advertised American tour in vaudeville! I felt as though I were crawling from beneath an avalanche of mountains.

"*Semper verum* was, as Sonnenthal had promised, such a good working motto that my artists went out of my office satisfied without asking for contracts. They had my word about terms. That was enough.

"I have always told the truth to my associates and encouraged them to tell the truth to me. It wasn't always a pleasant truth that I told or heard. But one does not go forth to battle armed with a bottle of cologne. One rolls up his sleeves and does battle, bloody battle, with his knuckles. Business is a battle. It should never be a prevarication exchange. It does not need to be. The best and biggest business is built upon a foundation of truth.

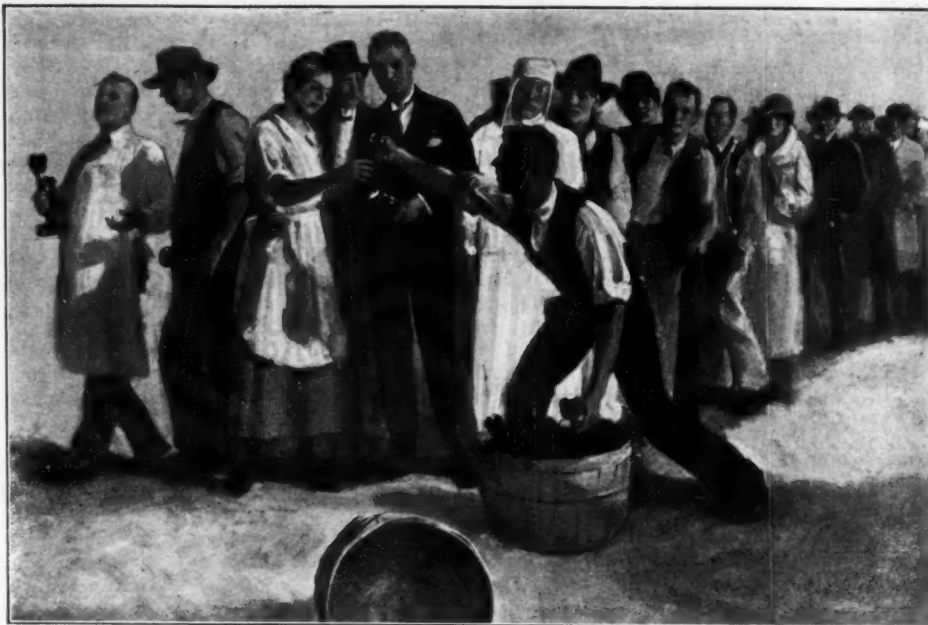
"*Semper verum* is the antithesis of P. T. Barnum's rule. Mr. Barnum said 'The public likes to be humbugged.' I don't agree with him, but I understand him. What he expressed was showmanship. He was creating an illusion. In that sense the amusement world, the land of make believe, is all lies. The spirit of the showman must be considered. The mother who soothes her child to sleep with a fairy story is not a liar."

Martin Beck, long the king of one domain of vaudeville, does not rank himself as a successful man.

"A man's success cannot be measured by money," he said. "It is leaving behind one something that is worth while. John D. Rockefeller was not a successful man while he was building an enormous fortune. He has been successful only since he has been doing fine things, as establishing the Rockefeller foundation.

"I shall not rate myself as a successful man until I know that I shall leave behind me something of beauty.

"No man is successful who is tormented with thoughts of dreams unfulfilled. I have been pursued for thirty years by dreams of beauty. I am just beginning to succeed because I am beginning to fulfill those dreams. I had been doing what I hated to do. I had forced myself



Give us Telephones!

Following the war, when business and social life surged again into normal channels, there came the cry from homes, hospitals, schools, mills, offices—"Give us telephones." No one in the telephone company will ever forget those days.

Doctors, nurses and those who were sick had to be given telephones first. New buildings, delayed by war emergency, had to be constructed, switchboards built and installed, cables made and laid, lines run and telephones attached.

The telephone shortage is never far away. If for a few years the tele-

phone company was unable to build ahead, if it neglected to push into the markets for capital and materials for the future's need, there would be a recurrence of the dearth of telephones. No one could dread that so much as the 350,000 telephone workers.

Bell System engineers measure and forecast the growth of communities; cables, conduits, switchboards and buildings are planned and developed years ahead, that facilities may be provided in advance of telephone want. Population or business requirement added to a community must find the telephone ready, waiting.



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to be a business man while I wanted to be an artist. I began to succeed when I planned this house. I am its architect and that of the Martin Beck theatre. I designed my theatre and its decorations. One of the supreme moments of my life was when I bought for my playhouse a beautiful piano inlaid in colors, its covers autographed by the greatest musicians of this century. It stands in the upper foyer, the promenade, of my theatre, and I find delight in looking through the latticed windows of my office at that piano.

"I have always admired Byzantine architecture and decorations. I began to suspect that I might still become successful when I planned this theatre and imported the draperies from Constantinople.

"Success for me is translating a dream into an

accomplished deed. When I was in London and again in Vienna I heard the opera 'Madame Pompadour.' Leo Fall's music haunted me. It was a delightful ghost. When I considered what the opening attraction of my theatre should be, I wanted 'Madame Pompadour.' I wanted a beautiful picture for what I have tried to make a beautiful frame.

"I have learned some truths in the thirty years of pursuit of my dreams. One is that only the man with vision goes far. There must be dreams before deeds.

"I can learn from everyone. For instance, while I talk with you, I have been learning that while you are so composed, you are looking straight through me and know whether I am telling you the truth.

Continued on page 374

The Head of the Secret Service

Continued from page 352

Means case resulting in a sentence of four years and \$20,000 fine; he directed the investigation that cleaned up the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary of graft and corruption; his Bureau investigated the smuggling of liquor into Savannah in violation of the national prohibition laws, resulting in 142 convictions and \$249,000 in fines, despite the fact that some of the men sent up were wealthy. In his investigation and enforcement of the national automobile laws Mr. Hoover's Bureau recovered 2,167 cars during the year 1924. These cars were valued at \$1,548,561, and since the Act went into effect in 1919, the Bureau has recovered 6,551 cars valued at \$6,208,000; got 515 convictions, with total penalties of 527 years and \$63,219 in fines in the enforcement of the "White Slave Act." Of these, sixty-five of the girls were under eighteen years of age; two were under thirteen, and seventy per cent of the cases involved families.

In the hectic days of excitement and fear of enemies of the Republic, Mr. Hoover has ever conducted the affairs of the Bureau of Investigation with dignity, calmness, and with that lofty spirit of charity to all and malice toward none—a high attribute to attain in an office with so one-sided an obligation. Whatever call he had, he heard it with interest and disposed of it with justice. Many with complaints fancied besought his good office, but their misdirection was not the offense to bring to them abuse. Once when a woman sought frantically to see him and she was admitted, some of the secret service thought to treat her as a dangerous person; she came to complain to the head of the

secret service that she had passed a man with a polka-dot necktie on down in the shopping district of the city and the dots in the tie shot bolts of radium into her eyes; the secret service men wanted to hurry her away, but Mr. Hoover interposed. "She is a sick woman," he said. "Call an ambulance and take her to the hospital and see that she has treatment."

Mr. Hoover is not a believer that all men are criminals because they don't act and believe just like everybody else. He is more of a philosopher, with all the instincts of the trained, shrewd mind of the criminal lawyer; he hears a man's cause before he judges his case and gives due credit to the frailties of human nature. But to the criminals the line of demarcation is as distinct as the line between dynamite and bread-pudding. Theirs it is to obey the law and his it is to enforce the law. He is so intent on getting the knowledge of violations of the law correct that he can go himself down into the slums and stay in the atmosphere of the crime until he knows beyond a doubt that he is correct in his surmises, and when the chain is forged about the criminal, the loopholes for his escape are almost invariably closed up and the work of the courts made easy and justice more speedily had by both the accused and the offender.

Mr. Hoover is a single man and is fond of the outdoor life about Washington and the care-free spirit that prevails most always in the capital. He also takes interest in the civic affairs of his city and is a believer in the doctrine of good citizenship. He is a member of the University Club and the Columbia Country Club. He is a Mason, member of the Kappa Alpha fraternity, and is a major in the Military Intelligence Order of the Reserve Officer's Corps. He is fond of outdoor sports and recreation.

Two Careers are Every Man's Right

Continued from page 373

"One must listen to everyone, but must make his own decisions. In all matters he must be the determining power, the court of appeals.

"If anything worries me I leave it for a while and come back to it with a new perspective. One must work all the while except while he sleeps. I was always working at something.

"Never look back. Face forward. The eyes of your mind on what you want to do.

"There are two careers within everyone's skin. One is what he wants to do. The other is what he may have to do to earn the other. Roger Babson says that ninety-two per cent of all men are in the wrong job. I was one of the ninety-two per cent. Never mind that I made money at it. It was only that I might do what I have begun to do.

"I sympathize with the great editor who told me he wanted to work at his desk another year and then go barnstorming. He had always wanted to be an actor, but couldn't afford it. Since he has furnished security to the future, has made his family permanently comfortable, he has earned the right to do what he likes. And the great lawyer who has always hankered after the railroad business. He is rich and sixty and has been elected a director in a small traffic company. Each has a right to his second career.

"And what shall I do? I will build another theatre. And in the two that I have built I will offer productions that I think worthy. I hope to have a part in the Renaissance of the American theatre. We are passing through a period of muck and nudeness. We cannot sink much further. We will begin to climb. In five years the American theatre will be one of ideas."

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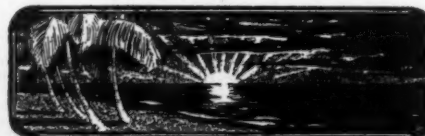
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Rheabab Fabric Attracting Attention

Continued from page 358

chines, insulating yarn, tape and cloth for electrical uses, into absorbent materials, high grade craft papers and papers for insulating purposes, and into calender rolls and similar fibre products. "Rhea" fibre is used as a strengthening element, in connection with cotton, wool and even asbestos. It is particularly valuable in this respect in the manufacture of carpets and clothing.

Experience shows that one of the most valuable uses for the "Rhea" fibre is for fire and steam hose, turkish towels, mechanical and electrical purposes and for any uses where the withstanding of rotting from moisture is an important factor. The "Rhea" fibre will also withstand much greater heat than almost any other fibre and has strength which makes it equal if not superior to linen.

As has already been intimated, "Rhea" is also a superior fibre in the manufacture of various kinds of braided and twisted shoe thread and is coming into great demand in the shoe industry.

Certain other similar vegetable fibres are already being de-gummed and this branch of the business also has great industrial possibilities.

The Rheabab Corporation has been fortunate in its selection of men to direct the destiny of the corporation. All of the officials are well known in New England business circles and also to the business world. The personnel of the officials follows:—

Herbert G. Beede, President, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, Secretary, General Manager and Director, Fales & Jenks Machine Co., Pawtucket, R. I.

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Playgrounds a Right of American Children

Continued from page 351

and the money will be furnished by Mr. Heckscher. As an endowment will provide the necessary annual upkeep when the costs have been determined, the city will be under no expense other than that required to provide light, water, police protection and the upkeep of the avenues of access.

The vital thought in completing the work as speedily as possible is that it will encourage people in other cities to emulate the example of Mr. Heckscher in New York. There is infinitely more need for playgrounds than for golf courses. The urgent necessity is to provide a place adequate for the smaller children—the little children who need the stimulating and invigorating benefits of a playground where they can indulge in the play that brings color to pale cheeks, develops the muscles of tiny arms and legs, clears the eyes, and permits the children to feel the breath of God in the open areas, to know the rustling of leaves in the trees and feel the warmth of sunshine, roll and roam on the grass, snuggling close to Mother Nature, ever ready to welcome children in her happiest moods.

As Nature has already done so much, why not make this playground a place that will emphasize the fact that the best use a city can make of parks is to provide playgrounds? The old-time playgrounds in towns and cities we knew in our youth are now covered with buildings and factories. The vacant lots visioned by Eugene Field that many of us enjoyed as boys and girls exist no longer. The onward march of building and construction has obliterated the playgrounds of millions of children in the last decade all over the country.

At the very foundation of the republic, playgrounds were provided. Boston Common is even more sacred as a playground for children than as an amusement or central meeting place for the elders. Parks and playgrounds are, forsooth, God's own temples and mean quite as much in the spiritual lives of people as towering spires of churches and cathedrals.

If the millions of people in New York were to cast their votes upon the subject, I cannot conceive of their being even one dissenting voice. Who would not agree to the giving over of this small area amid the glories of Central Park for the use of the little children? Make a place for a real playground in this picturesque bit of landscape—the coming pride of the great metropolis of the continent.

Giving Boys and Girls a Chance!

Continued from page 370

his new Attorney-General. It was the occasion of the maiden speech of John Garabaldi Sargent, the new head of the Department of Justice. Mr. Peyton is in close touch with newspaper men and editors all over the country, who consider him one of their own craft in his life work as a disseminator of valuable and useful information.

In Europe Mr. Peyton's friends always found him busy en route. When it rained and other travelers were sitting disconsolately in the gilded lobbies of the hotel, waiting for the clearing, the indomitable Peyton was ploughing through the mud of the battlefields, viewing the relics in the museums and visiting celebrities.

In a modest portfolio C. Baxter Peyton carries more enthusiastic and eloquent endorsements of his work from eminent people than I have ever before seen. Presidents, Senators, Governors, Congressmen, leaders in industry and education, have given him glowing letters.

"They are not for me, but for the work I am doing, which is the thing that should concern everyone—interesting our children in self-reliance and an earnest desire for knowledge."

This was a modest declaration for a man who had been given these letters of unequivocal endorsement in sowing the seeds that will bring a ripper harvest of knowledge and understanding.

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Another student enthusiastically says:

"I have been over to France and have given your methods a thorough testing. I experienced

no difficulty whatever and was able to enjoy many conversations with my French friends who do not speak English. On no occasion was I compelled to give up because of my inability to express myself—thanks to your excellent course."

Still another student sent this letter:

"I have just returned from a voyage to South America, where I found that the amount of Spanish which the first and second booklets taught me was a very great help. I was given the opportunity of conversing in Spanish with some Spanish speaking passengers on the voyage home."

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All beckon to you with their own peculiar lure. Wherever it may be, in the following pages you will find valuable information and suggestions regarding how to go and where to stay

Syria—Land of Desolation

By THE EDITOR

Another installment of the fascinating account of Mr. Chapple's recent trip through the Near East and the heart of the Holy Land.

SKIMMING barely beyond the surf in a motor car along the beach of the Mediterranean in old Syria, we used a boulevard unknown to the ancient Phoenicians. The blue waves of the ancient sea unfolded like a scroll balanced by the undulating hills in the distance. There were guides on the running boards of some of the cars to look out for quicksand! Leaving historic Mount Carmel, from which the prophet Elijah made his ascent, in the distance, we circled the crescent beach into Acre. The old viaduct skirts the man-made mountains created by Napoleon's soldiers as a vantage point from which to train the guns in besieging the ancient city. He, too, had his dreams of conquering Syria—and failed.

Stopping for a moment, we drank from the cold waters of this antique system.

"Water! Water again—you Americans make me sorry!" grumbled the English passengers.

The viaduct looked like the Croton Aqueduct crossing the Hudson in New York—shriveled by time. It was built by the Romans in the fourth century and extends twenty miles across the plains to the mountains. It was a marvelously preserved miracle in masonry. Before those age-stained arches supporting the tunnel-tube through which the drinking water of Acre has passed from time immemorial, I stood with a feeling closely approaching veneration in taking a second draught—again to the disgust of the Englishman. This is the oldest continuously used water supply in the world, and it seemed like the Pierian spring on the north coast of ancient Syria on the Bay of Iskanderum.

Think of the accumulated water taxes this first pipe line represented!

Along the way a child with a goat, and big men with small donkeys, usually alone or in

single file, were coming and going, following the road beside the shore line where once glistened the sails of proud galleys and ships of Phoenicia that made Tyre the greatest seaport of its time. On the crest of the surf-worn chalk cliffs we had climbed were lonely sentry boxes marking the frontier—the borderline between Palestine and Syria. At this point the authority of one great nation ceases and that of another begins. On one side were the English "Tommies"—on the other the French "Poilus."

Picturesque villages nestle in the valleys where the mountains come closer to the sea, providing fresh water to irrigate the fields and orchards, which reach to the tidewater in places. Here and there scraggly olive and fig trees grow, providing sustenance for the villagers. Along the bleak coast, with its red earth reminding the American of the colorful Painted Desert in Arizona, "the camels are coming." I met a Scotchman—the typical Highlander about whom so many thrifty stories are told.



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۳۰ جولای ۱۹۲۴
نمبر ۱۷۱

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دراختیاری که مستر جی. چابل Joe Mitchell Chapple امریکائی مدیر تحریری

National Magazine مطبوعه در پاستن برای کسب اطلاعات و مطالب مفید

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مهر سالت

شارژر امور دولتمندیه

THE EDITOR'S LETTER OF INTRODUCTION, written in that ancient language in which Omar Khayyan penned his deathless "Rubaiyat." While Mr. Chapple was unable to decipher the letter for himself, it opened for him all doors in the "Land of the Lion and the Sun"

"Where from?" he asked.

When I replied "America," he stepped back with a pleased expression.

"Hoot, mon!" he exclaimed, "dinna ye ken me old clansman, McBride?"

When I smiled at the question he grew angry.

"There's na need of smiling, mon," he declared "Ye should ken McBride—he's an American, too."

I bought some native bread at a tiny hut beneath the trees by the side of a chalk cliff. This bread is considered a delicacy. The real thing is long and thin as paper (some said as tough as leather) about two feet square. With a glass of strong acid phosphate drink to dissolve it, "it melts in your stomach," but you are puzzled whether to use it as a napkin—or a tablecloth.

Luxurious foliage here and there gave evidence of life-giving springs, every one of which seems to have a place in historical chronicle.

Following the shore line we came finally to a town which once was known and feared throughout the world. Tyre, the most famous of Phoenician cities, is now but a place of ashes. We stopped at ancient Tyre to examine our modern Michelin tires and made tea, leaving new ashes to mingle with those that we found. In these days what once was Tyre is a small town of five thousand inhabitants known as El Sur. It is built around the north end of a peninsula which a few thousand years ago is believed to have been an island. The unimpressive ruins of the ancient city cover an area of about fifteen square miles—as large as Boston. The cathedral, with its magnificent monolith columns of rose-colored granite, now lies prostrate, a mute token of former glory. From the powerful springs of Ras al-Ain, not far away, still flows the water supply for the old city amid the ruins of great reservoirs.

The ashes of Tyre tell a sad story of the greatest seaport of the world in its time, which now remains but a faint history-memory and is not on the map. The intellectual and commercial center of the land of the Canaanites so often mentioned in the Bible, proud Tyre, is now but a tomb of its former power and splendor—a graveyard of the worship of Baal.

In the early afternoon the old "57" type Cadillac of war days was careening along the old road into the city of Beirut. The mulberry trees furnished a variety of landscape in a district famous for its fine silk products. There are many mills clustering about the entrance to the city. The silk worm, the lowly producer of the costly fabric that clothed the kings and queens of old, is fed on the leaves of the mulberry trees.

In the dark paths with their flickering lamps and in the dimly lighted, narrow, winding streets, the intermingling of many races indicated that Beirut is one of the great cosmopolitan ports of the Mediterranean—the largest of the Near East. Here the peoples of the Orient and Occident seemed to meet to barter for products of East and West, as in the centuries past.

On the circular embankment rimming the harbor was a war monument bearing an inscription in French relating to the liberty of Syria. An English Tommy who stood beside me looked at the poetic French phrases and swore.

"B'gad!" he said, "that's what I calls nerve. Outside of Beirut I never saw a Frenchie in Syria during the war, but still France gets the credit for freeing and running the bloomin' country."

French soldiers certainly were in evidence, walking up and down, patrolling the embankment, while their comrades, off duty, were making merry in the cafes where Parisian jazz music, the strains of which every now and then burst



A PERSIAN FAKIR, or holy beggar, with his staff and the basket in which the charitably inclined drop their small offerings. In the Orient begging is a recognized profession, handed down from father to son

upon our ears, gave an indication of the French influence under the Syrian mandate.

The Cadillac sweeping past the harbor furnished us a glimpse of many foreign ships riding at anchor and the lighters and gondolas continually plying between them and the shore. Landing us before the headquarters of the Nairn Transport Company, developed by two brothers who have finally succeeded in making the conquest of the desert and carry the "Overland Desert Mail," the car continued onward towards the hotel.

Seated in one of the many quaint leafy arbor nooks of the hotel after dinner, I scarcely felt the sultry humidity of the evening. I spied a man who got up quickly from his chair. "An American," I thought, and introduced myself. It was an American Consul, Paul Knabenshue, who had become a real Beirut with the accent on the "rooter."

"First, the American University at Beirut is the most famous foreign educational institution in the Orient," he declared. "It has graduated many young men and women, most of whom have had successful careers after graduation. They are going

to play an important part in the Near East and glorify America's mandate of mercy begun here in the sixties by the American patriarch, David Crosby."

He stopped and shook hands again. "Any-one from America looks good to me. Now I will continue:

"Next Beirut is one of the most healthful ports on the Mediterranean and for that reason the American University was established in the city. The work carried on by President Bayard Dodge, son of Mr. Cleveland Dodge of New York, is a leaven in the loaf. Education is bearing fruit in the rehabilitation of the new nations of the Levant."

We drove to the Consulate, a beautiful house furnished in Persian style, built by a former Russian Grand Duke—now transformed into one of the finest Consulates in the Orient. He continued talking about the University:

"Here cleanliness, if anything, should come before godliness. Thousands of bright students have gone forth from this institution and have helped make the transition period of the Orient a smoother affair. The Moslems in general have come to recognize in Christian education something that is helpful to themselves.

"The college is really non-sectarian, and has all the freedom and breadth of scope of any institution of learning in the United States. While the Christian religion is not required to be accepted by the pupils, its precepts are not forgotten."

It was a glorious evening. Aloft on the mountain side birds sang sweetly as they had made their way to their nests in the treetops. The stars peeped out of the heavens and the moon shone down upon us with a silvery glow that somehow recalled the glory of ancient Syria and flooded the imagination.

When I returned to my hotel room, the prospect was far from pleasing. There was yards of mosquito netting draped around the bed, but the windows were wide open for the festive mosquitoes and fleas. It looked as though I was in for a lively night. Insects of various kinds seem to infest the evening air of Beirut. To pass the hour I studied the map of Syria. It looked different now. The fact was again revealed to me that my objective—Damascus—is not now in the Holy Land, but is within the borders of Syria, and not Palestine. Old geographic atlases and encyclopedias are now out of date when it comes to boundary lines in Europe and the Near East.

Through the window I looked out upon the city built upon the side of the Lebanon Mountains. Electric lights gleamed like fireflies in the hot and humid night. Inside the cafes people were eating and drinking—but did not seem merry at the midnight hour.

I could not sleep and came down to the street. A lonesome little lad followed me in the shadows. "Take me to America," he cried when I turned to him.

These words were evidently his chief vocabu-

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GEORGE C. BROWN

lary in English. He dropped on his knee and looked up imploringly at me with his dark eyes. "Allah, America!" he cried piteously.

It was the most eloquent tribute to my country I have ever heard.

I thought he merely wanted money and gave him a coin, but he kissed my hand and murmured again, "Take me to America." The money evidently was not all he wanted—for he clung to my coat and guided me through the narrow, crooked streets—and never asked for more bakshesh, and his parting words came like a mournful refrain, "Take me to America, my mother there. Allah America!"

One young merchant with a peculiarly shaped head was asleep waiting for customers. He awoke to sell me some cigarettes and smiled when he heard the American nasal twang.

"We know not why this mandate business," he said in a whisper. "We have no good business. We want American tourists—not French soldiers."

General Wegrant has done good work with his soldiers, but the French commercial invasion has not yet struck twelve. The presence of soldiers and the imperative suggestion to buy French goods on the Oriental plan does not appeal to the Syrians.

When I returned, the German hotel clerk, sleepily winding up his clock, told me, in broken accents: "There are twenty kinds of peoples and races already yet sleeping in this hotel tonight what don't speak the same language. Ach! the world is going goulash!"

Thinking of my mosquito-netting-draped couch, I asked the clerk for permission to park on the roof. I rolled myself up in a blanket and soon dozed off under the stars dreaming of the desert. The raucous screams of a parrot in the court below betimes indicated when it was time to turn over.

The heavy dew of the morning was on the blanket as I awoke. Near me was a traveler from England, who had also sought the sleeping porch.

"I say, old chap," he said, rubbing his eyes as he sat up. "You have the champion snore of the Orient. No wonder that parrot was nervous all night. You've got a regular auto-honk in your nocturnal repertoire."

As I took a morning stretch to realize where I was, the Anti-Lebanon Mountains loomed up back of Beirut in the first rays of the waking sun. The chocolate peaks, rising high into the sky, are eagerly sought during the summer months as a pleasure resort. Wealthy Syrians, Egyptians and merchants from far across the desert, Damascus and far-off Baghdad seek this Switzerland of Syria for its cooling breezes of the Anti Lebanon.

A picturesque cog railroad winds its way up the slopes to a height of nine thousand feet, but we decided to follow the new automobile roadway. The highway is a perfect marvel of curves. They are almost at right angles, and whisking about them one feels as though he were crawling in and out around the teeth of a saw. Villages are clustered here and there up the heavy grade. A "Casino" running full blast, with all the gaiety of Monte Carlo was one of the sights en route.

Ceaseless camel caravans and mule trains wind their way up and down the mountain road all during the night, for much of the traveling is done after dark in order to escape the heat of the day. In one caravan the head camel was rearing a head light and the last camel carried a red lantern fastened to his tail. We passed one camel plodding along with a sleeping berth hang-

ing from each side of his mountainous back. It was the queerest sort of a Pullman car I have ever seen, and I wondered how the passengers had any rest during the jolting journey, but they were sound asleep in both side berths. Many times we passed a mule train consisting of a number of beautifully ornamented and decorated white wagons that looked like hearses drawn by three or four mules, gaily adorned, hitched tandem fashion. The muleteers themselves were attired in gaudy-colored costumes like toreadors or bull-fighters, and were looking out for hyenas and the deadly cobra which are still the dread of the caravans.

The road was like a tunnel of trees in the valley connecting the mountain. At Shortia, where there was an old hotel—a typical Eastern caravanserie, a detour was made to the most famous ruins of Baalbec among the grain colored Lebanon Mountains. During our ride we came upon some trees which the guide declared were a few of the remaining two hundred and fifty of the original "cedars of Lebanon"—the trees used in the construction of Solomon's temple in Jerusalem.

Riding out of the valley, we came upon an Arab village near to the so-called Tomb of Noah, which is said to shift its position with each generation. Perhaps when prohibition reaches there he will want to move to Montreal as the only enduring wet spot on earth. Noah was some tippler we are told by the natives.

Under the glare of the hot sun there were wheat fields gleaming almost to the very summit of the mountains. Flocks of sheep and goats were grazing in the valley below us. It was a restful scene. Then our eyes fell upon the noblest ruins of all history. For thousands of years, for centuries untold, their majesty and grandeur have been unequalled by the work of man. The remnants of what must once have been a colossal, a marvelous city, were before us, the stone reminders of the glory that had once been Baalbec's.

From the Temple of the Sun we made our way over the towering wreckage of Time to the Temple of Jupiter. Here, clustered in the midst of this graveyard of monoliths, pillars, caryatides, and cross pieces, stood a number of towering columns indicating where the other of the fifty-four columns had stood supporting the great temple. Marvelous in their simple symmetry and entrancing in the beauty of their Corinthian carvings are these monuments to the art of the stone-cutters of Baalbec.

All that now remains of the Temple of Jupiter are the nine columns rising sixty-five feet into the sky and still upholding a part of the porch roof, consisting of a great slab of stone finely sculptured underneath. Imagination is fired, and dreamily I attempted to complete the picture of these structures, one of the marvels of the world. How they were built with the few rude tools the workman of that day possessed, remains a wonder to greater engineering minds than mine. There was one block of stone that must have been two hundred feet long and looked big enough to serve as the foundation for a New York skyscraper, and evidences of no steam shovels about.

At the bottom of the great quarry was the mate to the slab, which formed the part of the roof of Jupiter's Temple, which is still standing. It was an exact duplicate of the other, finished to the last detail and ready for the hands of the architect and master builder to whose genius these noble ruins owe their origin. The slab was seventy feet long, fifteen feet in height and width—a footstool for the gods.



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EUROPEAN TRAVEL HINTS

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EUROPEAN TRAINS

CONTINENTAL trains are generally made up of coaches reserved for first, second and third class passengers. Occasionally one sees a fourth class added for the use of farmers going to market. Except in Italy and Spain, second class will be found comfortable, though occasionally a bit overcrowded. In such case is it easy to transfer to first and pay the supplement. In Italy and Spain we advise using first class at all times. On many of the mountain railroads in Switzerland there is no first class. First class day-compartments are usually arranged to hold six passengers and second class to hold eight. In Scandinavia, with the exception of a few express trains, no first class carriages are attached, and second class is converted into first on night trains by limiting the number of occupants in a compartment.

In England second class is practically obsolete (except on trains connecting with the channel-crossing steamers), making, therefore, but two classes in general use—first and third. As the distances are short, the majority of Americans use third class, which is quite as comfortable and clean as our ordinary day coaches in America. With parties it is sometimes possible to secure reserved "saloon" coaches, either for first or third class. These coaches are divided into only two sections—a smoking and a non-smoking compartment. There is generally a table in the middle and seats running lengthwise of the train. Some saloon cars even contain fireplaces. Throughout Great Britain train service is greatly curtailed on Sunday. Restaurants and many places of interest to the tourist are closed on Sunday. Remember these facts in arranging your daily sightseeing.

On the continent trains are run on various kinds of schedules according to the country and to their speed. For example, in France and Switzerland the best and swiftest (with additional fare serving only first class) are the de luxe trains. Then comes the *rapide*, followed by the express, and lastly the accommodation or local trains. In Switzerland certain expresses also charge additional fares.

In Italy, Belgium, Holland and Germany there are no *rapides*, but some of the expresses are extra-fare trains. These countries have certain so-called "fast" trains which are slower than the expresses, but swifter than the locals.

In Spain and Portugal trains are marked de luxe, express and local.

In England and the Scandinavian countries there are only two classes—the express and local trains. In Scandinavia the charge is about 10 per cent more for the use of the express.

Many of the best or de luxe international trains run only two or three times a week, and reservations must be made far in advance. In many cases to insure reservation, the ticket must be bought from the starting point of the train, and the passport shown, properly vised for the countries through which the train passes. Seats on express trains (except in Germany) can be reserved the day before, providing the point of departure is a junction. A slight charge is generally made for seat reservations and an extra tip should be given to the head porter of the hotel, who will attend to this for you.

On certain trains, both in France and England, connecting with the channel-crossing steamers are found so-called Pullman cars with an excess fare for their use. These are open to holders of

first-class tickets. On some Italian and Scandinavian trains there are observation cars attached with supplementary fares.

Sleeping cars in Europe are similar to the stateroom cars used on some of our American railroads, being divided into single or double compartments, holding two or four persons. In Norway, Sweden and Germany these cars belong to the Railroad Administration, in England to the various railroad companies, but elsewhere in Europe they are owned and operated by the International Sleeping Car Company. Pillows, sheets and blankets are provided the passengers, and the attendant or guard expects a tip of at least twenty-five cents per person. The average tourist uses the sleeping cars as little as possible, for several reasons: First, because he would prefer to see the country by day; secondly, the distance between the points of interest are short; thirdly, it is necessary to hold a first class ticket and pay an excess fare, as the sleeping cars are only attached to express, *rapide* or de luxe trains. (In Germany there are a few second class sleeping cars.) Fourthly, the sleeping car reservation is very expensive.

In France for those who cannot afford or cannot secure a reservation in a sleeping car, a *lit-couche* is offered. These are open to holders of first or second class tickets. They are converted day coaches, with seats extended and reserved for the use of one-half the number of possible day travelers. Occupants should carry their own steamer rugs as the supply is limited of pillows and blankets offered for hire (at 2 francs each) at the principal stations.

It is always well to remember to place a book, hat, or paper in your seat when temporarily leaving it, as this reserves the seat during your absence. This unwritten law is punctiliously observed everywhere throughout Europe and should be kept in mind by Americans when looking for a place in the train.

The restaurant and dining cars, like the sleeping cars on the continent, belong to the International Sleeping Car Company, with the exception of those in Norway, Sweden and Germany, which are the property of the Railroad Administration. In England they belong to the various railroad companies. The dining car attendant should be sought immediately upon boarding the train and a reservation made for the meal desired. When the train is crowded there are several services. The use of seat reservations in the dining car for the various "sittings" obviates the necessity of standing in line awaiting your turn, as in America. An attendant usually passes through the train announcing the various services. The meals on the European trains are table d'hôte, and are simple but good. In England there are sometimes two dining cars on a train, one serving the first class passengers and one the third. The meals differ little except in cost. An English train breakfast is about \$0.75 to \$1. Lunch and dinner are from \$1 to \$1.50. On the continent a train breakfast costs about \$0.25, while lunch and dinner vary from \$1 to \$1.25. Except at breakfast, coffee and tea are extras.

Continental timetables (with the exception of Germany) are based upon the twenty-four hour system of expressing time, i. e., the hours are numbered consecutively from 0 to 24, starting at midnight. This avoids the use of A. M. and P. M. Thus "0.58" is 12.58 A. M., and "22.58" is 10.58 P. M. The figures "24.0" indicate a train arriving at midnight, but "0.0" shows a departure at midnight. In German timetables the hours from 6.⁰⁰ P. M. to 5.⁰⁰ A. M. have the minutes underlined in the above indicated manner. In

England the A. M. and P. M. signs are used as in American timetables.

Railroad tickets are shown on the continent upon entering the platform section of the station. These are again punched en route and shown (or taken up) when leaving the station at point of destination. In many of the larger continental cities it is impossible to see friends off without purchasing a platform ticket, generally obtainable at a slot machine by paying a small amount.

Children are transported free under three years of age in all European countries except Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Egypt, Germany, Holland, Palestine and Switzerland, where the limit is under four years of age, and Finland with an age limit under five. Half fare is charged between the above mentioned ages and full fare age. All children in Spain over six pay full fare. In Algeria, France, Greece, Italy and Portugal, all over seven. In Belgium, all

over eight. In Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Egypt, Germany, Holland, Palestine and Turkey, all over ten. In Great Britain, Ireland, Finland, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland, all over twelve years of age. Apportionate allowance of baggage is permitted on children's tickets.

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The Editor takes a look at Luxor and King Tut's Tomb, speaks to the Sphinx and parades among the Pyramids in the Land of the Pharaohs

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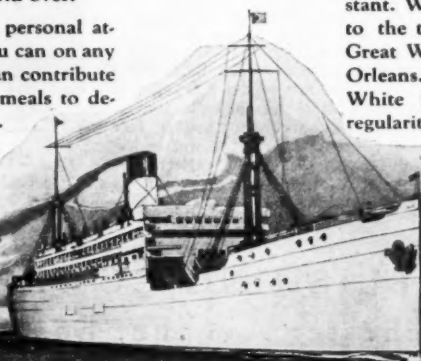
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(From Boston Evening Transcript, July 30, 1924)

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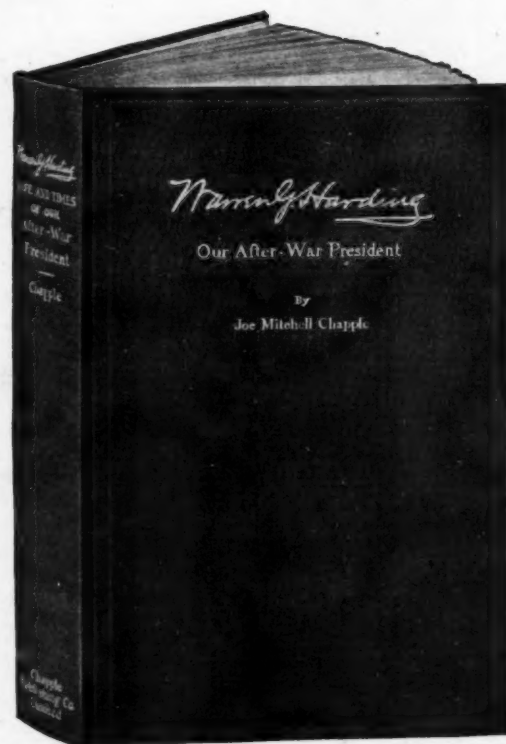
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APRIL-MAY, 1925



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Entered at the Boston Postoffice as second-class matter

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription, \$2.00 a Year

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